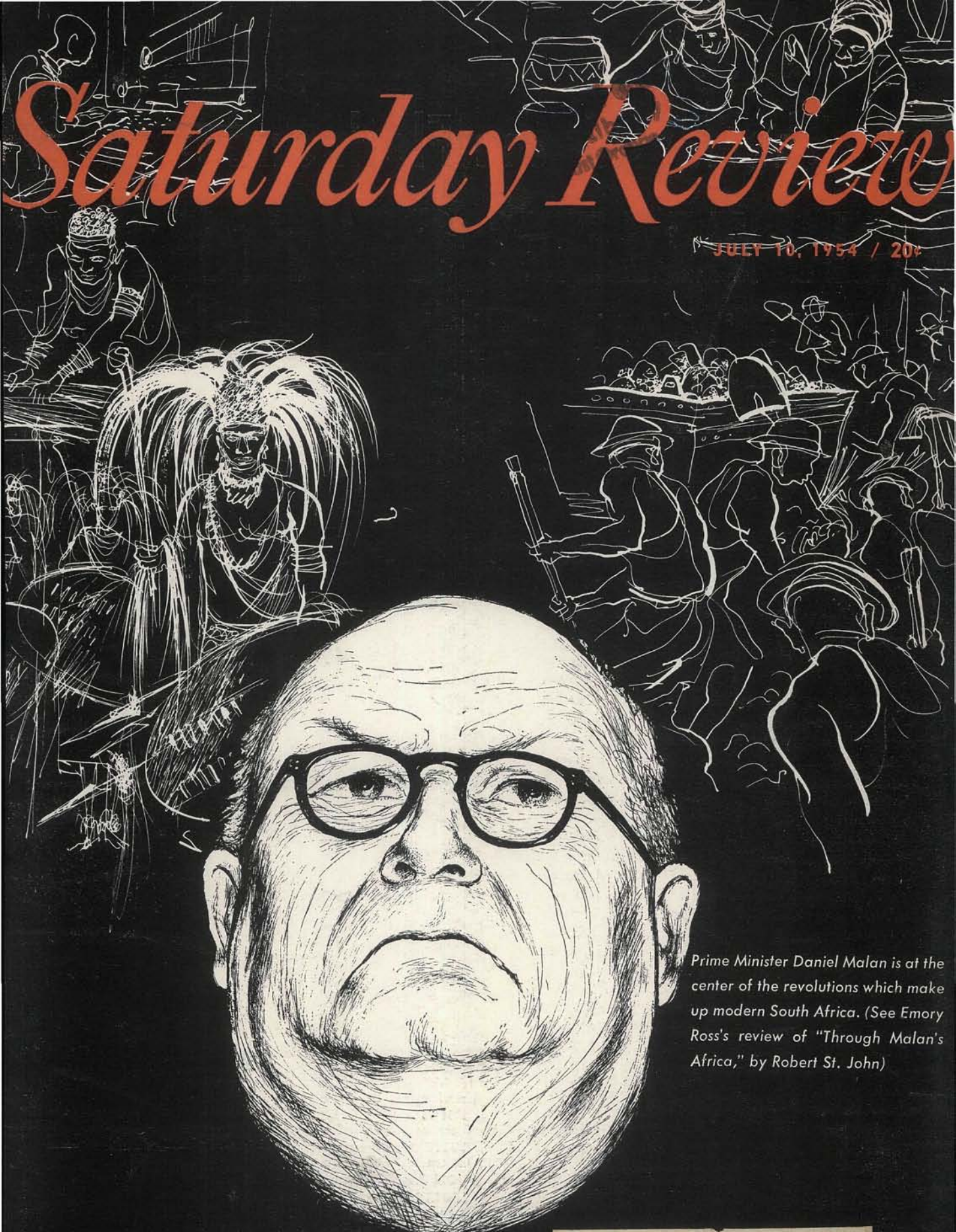
Saturday Review

JULY 10, 1954 / 20¢



Prime Minister Daniel Malan is at the center of the revolutions which make up modern South Africa. (See Emory Ross's review of "Through Malan's Africa," by Robert St. John)

AESOP IN HOLLYWOOD . . . by

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BERGEN EVANS

The Distinguished Professor of English at Northwestern University "discovers" Smith for the intellectuals!

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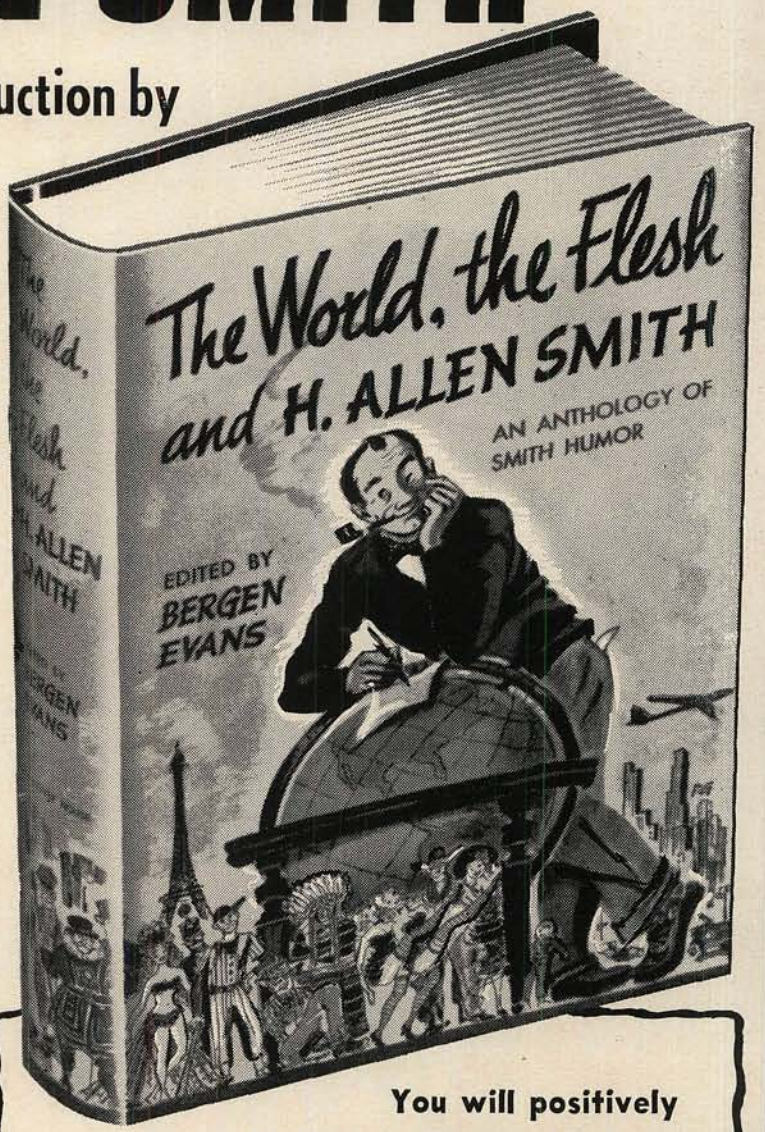

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. . . and these are just a few of about 15 different categories of thought!

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The Saturday Review

JULY 10, 1954

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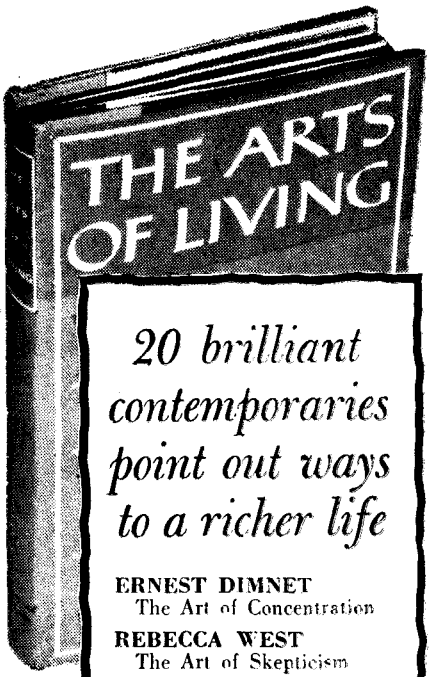

20 brilliant contemporaries point out ways to a richer life

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The Art of Concentration

REBECCA WEST
The Art of Skepticism

ALISTAIR COOKE
The Art of Curiosity

J. FRANK DOBIE
The Art of Discovery

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Keeping the Mind Refueled

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CHARLES MORGAN
Living in the Present

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OLIVER LA FARGE
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VICTORIA LINCOLN
The Art of Courage

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Balancing Time

ELEANOR CLARK
The Art of Adventure

EMILY KIMBROUGH
Using What You Have

ELIZABETH BOWEN
Respecting Boundaries

RUSSELL LYNES
The Art of Accepting

ANTHONY WEST
Giving and Receiving

MILLICENT CAREY McINTOSH
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NOTES *from* CALIFORNIA

▶ When we were very young we were going to be a "writer." We would write novels and win literary fame; we would be a journalist, preferably a foreign correspondent, and live dangerously. At sixteen we wrote a rather lurid novel. A few years later we discovered "stream of consciousness" and produced some unintelligible short stories. Then we gave the whole thing up.

▶ After reading three of our new books, we are reminded of our youthful ambitions. **Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel,** by Robert Humphrey ($2.75), is a study of the technique we tried in vain to master. The author shows its purpose and significance in literature, and describes how James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and other contemporary novelists have used the devices, techniques, and structural patterns of this literary form.

▶ In **Newsmen Speak** ($3.50), Edmond D. Coblentz, a well-known editor, has brought together the concepts, formulas, and philosophies of some of America's outstanding newspaper men, set down mostly in the words of the men themselves. We see why we never became a journalist. It was the glamour we fancied, not the hard work.

▶ Newspapers have described the international dispute over the Iranian decision to nationalize the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. In **The Anglo-Iranian Oil Dispute of 1951-1952** ($4.00), Alan W. Ford tells the story *behind* the headlines and the news reports. He summarizes the maneuverings of the Great Powers in the last half century in Iran and the events leading up to the Iranian decision. More important, he studies the role of law in the relation of states. His conclusions are challenging. The book will interest political scientists, economists, and international lawyers. We never aspired to be any of these, but the book interested us very much.

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TRADE Winds

WHEN I WAS A BOY the first sign of summer was "straw hat day." New York's male population descended *en masse* upon such stores as Young's, Truly Warner's, and Kaufman's, and, spineless slaves of tradition, clamped on to their heads stiff-brimmed atrocities that not only intensified the heat and were hideously uncomfortable, but blew off at the first gust of wind. Frugal souls bought black cords to tie them to their persons. Happy-go-lucky citizens let them go, secure in the knowledge they could be replaced for a mere two bucks.

Stiff-brimmed straws ("boaters" they were called) are all but a memory today. Only vaudeville soft-shoe

dancers and rugged individuals like George Textor, able executive at Marine Midland, still sport them defiantly —and take a good deal of joshing in the process. "Genuine panamas" are growing scarce, too. "Coconut straws" have their adherents—but the great majority of American males—myself included—go bareheaded in clear weather these days from May through September.

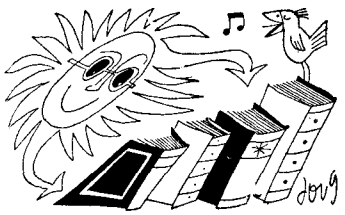
NOWADAYS that "first sign of summer" is the gradual disappearance from the airways of the more expensive television shows. They are replaced by more-or-less adequate "kinos" of old programs repeated by "insistent popular demand." The "demand" emanates entirely from the sponsors who foot the bills. These sponsors seem convinced that the American public stops watching TV in hot weather, although in my opinion exactly the opposite is true. At any rate, sponsors close, or at least tighten their purse strings, till fall.

Shows like our own "What's My Line" continue live throughout the summer but, fortunately, the only props we need are five chairs and a table. "Spectaculars" requiring elaborate scenery and costumes, and $5,000-a-week stars, are stored away in camphor. Such live replacements as manage to elbow their way into the cavalcade of "reruns" are usually constructed of string, spit, and unknown performers striving for a break.

SOME CLEVER FELLOWS at Station KDKA, in Pittsburgh, decided this might be the summer to start teaching the facts of life to the ad men who are held responsible for this long summer hiatus. *Tide* gives the text of the pronunciamento KDKA mailed to its customers. "A careful survey," it maintained, "proves that top advertising executives continue to eat, bathe, drink—and spend in the summer." Why, then, should they cancel their most successful television and radio programs? Then, suddenly, the KDKA boys seemed to question their own statistics. "You *do* bathe in July and August, don't you?" they inquired anxiously.

The first three replies were reassuring. Number One: "I generally take a bath in July and find it refreshing." Number Two: "I bathe in June at Hot Springs, July at the French Riviera, and August at Saratoga. At the end of the summer I am not only cleaned but also well-traveled." Number Three: "Affectionate Norwegian Lapper owned by Madison Avenue time-buyer invalidates need for tub."

BOOK PUBLISHERS, for once, have been quicker than supposedly canny television sponsors to reorient their thoughts on midsummer activities. It's some years, in fact, since publishers became aware that in these hectic days thousands of genuine book or drama lovers can find time to indulge their tastes in vacation periods alone.



Many a new novel that once would have been hopelessly buried in the late September and October avalanche now fares infinitely better at the hands of both the critics and the public by being unveiled in the dog-days of early August. For proof, just look at this season's lists!

TENTATIVE TITLE of Ernest Hemingway's own story of his African adventures—and misadventures—is "Gin Is Not for Little Children." A TV magnate who flew abroad to discuss

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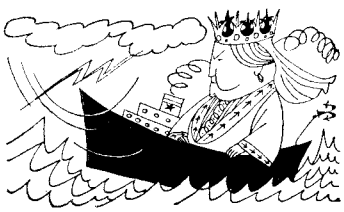
a possible network appearance for "Papa" H. says the novelist suffered his most severe injuries *not* from his two successive plane crashes, but from a forest fire that swept his encampment shortly thereafter, actually singeing his famous whiskers. In reply to the natural query, "Why did you suppress the story of the fire?" Hemingway explained to the TV man, "After all that went before, this was just one too many. Nobody would have believed me!"

IN PIERRE BERTON'S lively "The Royal Family" (Knopf) he recalls a sea trip Queen Victoria made to Ireland. The ship encountered dirty weather, and one monstrous wave almost knocked Her Majesty galley west. Regaining her equilibrium with some difficulty, she commanded an attendant, "Go up



to the bridge, give the Admiral my compliments, and tell him he's not to let that happen again."

When the Royal Family decided to change its name to Windsor, Cousin Willie, Kaiser of Germany, considered himself outraged, and countered by ordering a Berlin production of Shakespeare's "The Merry Wives of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha."

And here's another "inside" story of Mr. Berton's: King George V was an avid stamp collector. A secretary commented one morning, "I see in *The Times* that some damn fool paid fourteen hundred pounds for a single stamp at a private sale yesterday." "I," retorted King George calmly, "was that damn fool."

PRESUMABLY, PIERRE BERTON will conclude his chronicle of "The Royal Family" one day soon with the story of young Queen Elizabeth's recent world tour. From all accounts, Her Majesty played an exacting role to the hilt, winning friends everywhere, and not missing a single matinee or

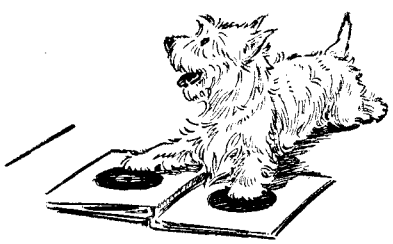
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1058)

GRACE CARSTENS:
BORN A YANKEE

If he was reading Thoreau, we "should simplify," he said: "start throwing out unessential collected things." . . . I have to wonder what life in Fyfe House would have been like, if Father had put us on a diet of De Maupassant, Chaucer, or Boccaccio.

Popular Classic!

"HERE'S AN OLD RECORD THAT'S POPULAR WITH EVERYONE, WHITEY!"



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The Best Seller that's Sweeping the Country!

FIRST!

"For the first time since *The Saturday Review* began polling the nation's literary editors as to their preferences among current books half a dozen years ago, a title that won a place among the leaders in one season has reappeared among the toppers in the following season and, indeed, actually improved its position with the passing of time. The book is 'The Dollmaker,' Harriette Arnow's novel about Kentucky hillbillies lost in the jungles of a large industrial city, which came in sixth in SR's spring poll and now wins first place in the summer poll. The phenomenon is further testimony that Mrs. Arnow has written an extraordinarily fine novel, one that merits serious consideration by the Pulitzer Prize judges."
—The Saturday Review

FINEST!

"a novel that is certain to rank as one of the finest of 1954. The depth and power and stature of this enormous book are rare indeed in modern fiction." *—New York Times*

"*The Dollmaker* seems to me, to put it mildly, the finest novel of 1954."
—New York Herald Tribune

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evening performance in the whole record-breaking run.

The one tragic note in the royal tour came on Christmas morning in New Zealand. A cloudburst on a lonely stretch of track 250 miles from Auckland had transformed a gentle mountain stream into a raging torrent, weakening the underpinnings of the bridge that spanned it. When the express thundered onto the bridge, the whole structure gave way, and over 160 people, en route to pay homage to Queen Elizabeth, were plunged to their deaths.

A STRIKINGLY SIMILAR CATASTROPHE was avoided in Scotland, some years ago, the story goes, in a journey by Queen Victoria that Pierre Berton overlooked. Possibly the facts could not be authenticated but if they're true they certainly constitute one of the most bizarre occurrences in railroad lore.

As I heard the tale, Queen Victoria was bound home to London from a holiday at Balmoral Castle in the Scottish highlands. The special train that bore her, Prime Minister Disraeli, and other important members of her entourage had been delayed by a heavy storm, and the engineer had his throttle wide open in an effort to make up lost time.

Suddenly he gasped with dismay. A figure loomed up on the track ahead, shrouded in black, waving its arms frantically. Every movement was outlined by the headlight of the onrushing locomotive.

The engineer jammed on his brakes, and brought the train to a grinding halt. The Queen and Mr. Disraeli were hurtled from their chairs. The terrified train crew piled out into the night. Just fifty yards ahead, a bridge had been washed out in much the same fashion as the structure in New Zealand. A few seconds more, and Queen Victoria and everyone else aboard would have been lost—an irretrievable disaster that might well have changed the history not only of England but the entire world.

Everybody breathed a silent prayer of thanks—and then looked for the mysterious figure that had flagged the train. It had vanished completely. The crew was about to reboard the train, when, in a flash, the figure reappeared on the track ahead, again waving its arms grotesquely. And then the engineer gave a shout—and pointed.

Imprisoned in the headlight of the engine was a tiny moth. The mysterious figure was nothing more than the reflection on the snow of its frenzied death-dance as it zig-zagged crazily closer and closer to the consuming beam! —BENNETT CERF.

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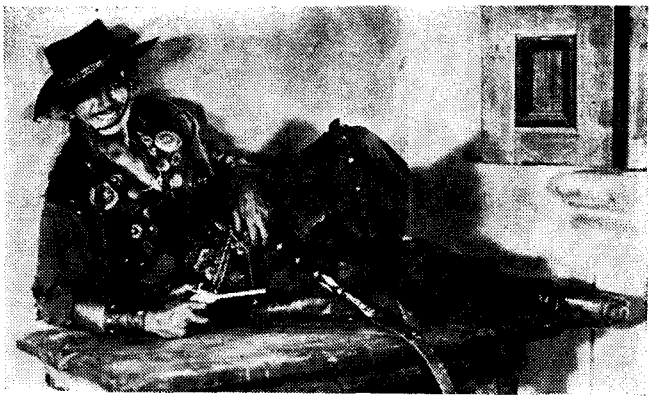
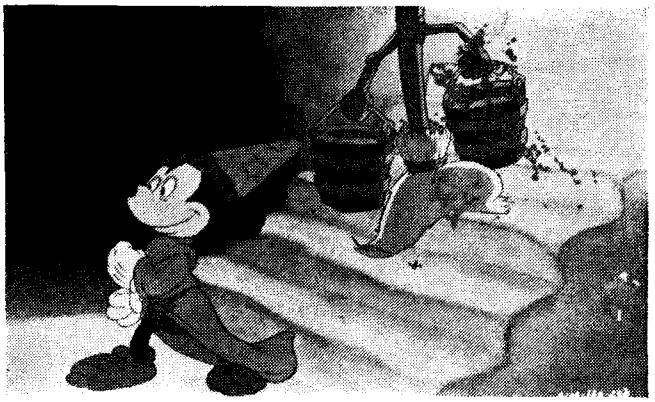
AESOP IN HOLLYWOOD

The Man and the Mouse





By MARSHALL FISHWICK

Douglas Fairbanks and Mickey Mouse are two illustrious American heroes made in Hollywood who—says Marshall Fishwick—"show us what we are and what we want to be." Mr. Fishwick has adapted this article from his book "American Heroes: Myth and Reality," an analysis of heroes and hero makers in American culture. It will be published by Public Affairs Press in September.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS was all man, Mickey all mouse. But they found similar answers to common problems. And thereby, so far as the story of the American hero is concerned, hangs a tale.

Movie heroes usually fall into one of two categories. The first is the lonesome good man. He is outdoors and Western, goes through life under a spell of troubled silence, and gets a woman by saying nothing. Perhaps his name is Gary Cooper, Henry Fonda, or Hopalong Cassidy; the personality is unchangeable. The second is the gregarious tough guy. Belligerent and egocentric, he reminds us of Captain John Smith, Andy Jackson, or Billy the Kid. He stands for rebellion and force, and masters his gal by knocking her down and dragging her away. (She loves it.) Indoors and Eastern, he might be Jimmy Cagney, Mickey Rooney, Humphrey Bogart, Burt Lancaster, or George Raft. They are so much a part of the pattern that we can consider them collectively.

Where did the two stereotypes come from? Go back to the early World War I wildcat movie days for the answer; examine simpler, less thoroughly rehearsed productions, not camouflaged with paint, pretension, and publicity. That is what you must do to find out. Before the industry turned ballyhoo into a major business of its own, there was one man who bridged the Eastern and Western types and who made the trip across his acrobatic specialty: Douglas Fairbanks.

To study the creation of "Doug" is to touch the problem at a vital point. In him the thought and act combined. His forty-three pictures comprise the most valid case history of the making of a character in Hollywood's history—perhaps, now that many hands manipulate every phase of it, the best we ever shall have.

Born Douglas Elton Ulman in 1883 at Denver, Colorado, he showed few of the traits at the Jarvis Military Academy or Colorado School of Mines which later were apparent. Those who saw him make his tame and respectable 1901 Broadway debut in "Her Lord and Master" hardly thought he was up to tackling mountain lions, jiu-jitsuing Yaqui Indians, or scaling

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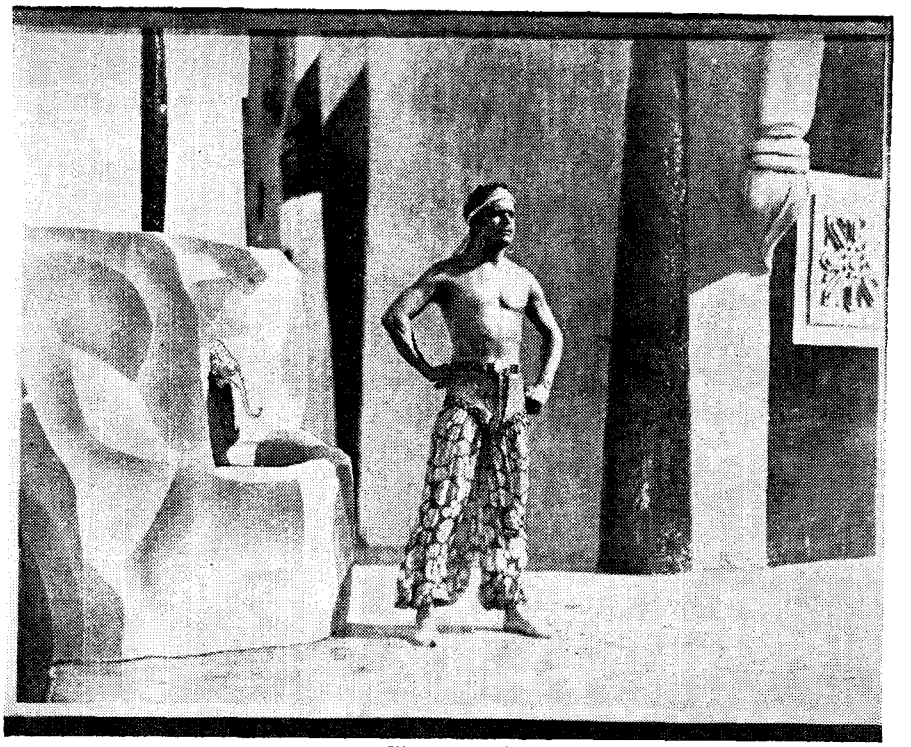
castle walls for audiences which were to break all boxoffice records.

After a meandering decade as order clerk, hardware merchant, and law student, he returned to Broadway. Few noticed him. Frederick Warde described his Shakespeare as a catch-as-catch-can with the immortal bard. Still, Harry E. Aitken, representing the newly formed Triangle Films, picked Doug (as well as Billie Burke, Eddie Foy, and Texas Guinan) to go to Hollywood in 1914. Having persuaded D. W. Griffith, Thomas Ince, and Mack Sennett to launch the Triangle studio, Aitken first saw the heroic potential in Doug. "We picked him as a likely film star not because of his stunts, but because of the splendid humanness that fairly oozed out of him," Aitken said. He never made a better choice.

Bouncing smiling Fairbanks went West, like many of the screen heroes he later created. There he made movies and wrote books which document his thinking during the years when "Doug" was born. "Laugh and Live" (1917), a volume on social ethics, had a chapter on "Building up a Personality." He made it sound as easy as building up a Tinker Toy. Fairbanks believed in heroes and considered Lincoln "the most shining example of the power to will victory." Though he never read Carlyle and Nietzsche, he admired strong leaders as much as they. Emphasis on physical exercise became a phobia; he must have done hand-springs on the typewriter writing, "The more we exercise the more energetic we become, the surer we are of ourselves, and the farther we get in the development of our personality."

To sum it all up, Doug was enthusiastic about everything, especially the future of movies in America. "I love to go into those little music halls in out-of-the-way places, and see the men, women, and children packed there of an evening. The camera has brought the world to their doors. Life is richer, happier, and better for it." His films showed he was basically a muscle-flexing crusader attacking the social problems of the Jazz Age. Doug, as he was known to his followers, was more than a mere athlete. He was an activist with a purpose, in his own eyes even a philosopher. The Great Doug was an answer to the Great Gatsby.

"Making Life Worth-while" and "Assuming Responsibilities" attempted to answer critical problems. While his books entertained they instructed. No actor of his time better typified the strain of respectability in Hollywood. His essential achievement was creating both a character and a type.



—*Illustrations from Museum of Modern Art Film Library.*

"The Thief of Bagdad"—"the splendid humanness that fairly oozed out of him."

Only Chaplin among his contemporaries did so well—and Charlie's genius for pantomime was destroyed by sound. Thanks to an intuitive sense of attachment to his public, Doug simplified his screen character to the point where it could be understood instantaneously. The Twenties needed him. No movie casting or typing systems had developed to stymie his strenuous and original efforts. Here was a situation in which a celluloid hero might be born.

The result was the "good-bad" man, or beneficent rogue. Historic prototypes were Robin Hood and D'Artagnan, although Doug was cast in an unmistakably American idiom. The unforgettable thing about him was the irrepressible sparkle, the latent mischievousness that made him hold up trains merely to get the conductor's ticket-punch. Saving damsels in advanced degrees of distress was a stock specialty. Young girls could not imagine greater bliss than being held in Doug's strong arms.

Yet his appeal was an equally masculine one. A life-long gymnast and stunt-man, Doug got the maximum effect out of a life encompassed by the laws of gravity. For him an ounce of fat meant a week of starvation. He personified the red-blooded American of whom one asked almost instinctively, "Let me feel your muscle." Here was a pint-sized Paul Bunyan, a wall-scaling Will Rogers; Rousseau's natural man let loose on America.

Fairbanks stayed on the fluctuating list of film stars for a generation. The formative years were 1917-1920. In them Doug so directed his energy and moralizing that he codified his new film personality. He worked out a plot which allowed him to do the same things many times, always with happy results. The standard formula pictured a dull routine life (usually in the city) and the workaday fellow who submitted to it. Then a catalytic agent, usually the heroine, transformed him. Off he went to the West where he could be a man. He carried the Frederick Jackson Turner frontier thesis to Everyman in America. Doug was Daniel Boone without the coon-skin hat, but with a dapper double-breasted suit.

His early satires were convincing because he believed them himself. They were gymnastic sermons, like those Billy Sunday rounded off by sliding into second base for the Lord. "In many of his comedies, the West is conceived as a source of natural virtue," Alistair Cooke noted in a study of Fairbanks published in 1940. "In his first few years he was devoted to it as to a new faith. The West was a very effective background because it was the best one to demonstrate how he felt about the enervating effects of modern plumbing."

This "Golden West" formula grew out of pictures like "American Aristocracy" (1916), "The Americano" (1916), "Wild and Wooly" (1917), "Down to Earth" (1917), and "Arizona" (1917). The "Wild and Woolly" plot synopsis, printed for the first

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New York showing, said: "Our hero is a city clerk who frets along within the confines of the crowded city in anticipation of the day when he will sit astride a bucking broncho and shoot Indians in the wild and woolly West." The day dawned: Doug saw to that. Sunlight was everywhere in "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo" (1919) and "The Mollycoddle" (1920), the scenarios of which Doug himself wrote. He not only followed his own star; he led it. In 1920 the character he contrived was well enough understood for Fatty Arbuckle to parody it.

His public was ready for a "great moment" off the screen. On March 28, 1920, he married America's Sweetheart, diminutive Mary Pickford. Moviegoers considered it inevitable: a splendid example of divine justice: the vicarious thrill of the decade. Fate had given Doug Mary, and Mary Doug, to be happy ever after. In America public endings must be happy ever after—or at least until another public beginning catches the communal eye. Commenting on their propitious mating, Ferri Pisani wrote: "Ce bluff, c'est optimisme Yankee et Pickford-Fairbanks en est le symbole." Never mind that, in order to wed Mary, Doug had to divorce Anna Beth Sully, his wife of thirteen years: that Mary had to leave her husband; and that Doug would eventually divorce in turn America's Sweetheart, so as to marry the high-stepping ex-chorus girl Lady Ashley. These were not the things featured in the newspapers.

In Mary Pickford childhood eternally flourished. She demonstrated the charm of keeping skirts up and hair down. Like Doug, Mary was both loved and lovable. She looked definitely unlike Nita Naldi, queen of the vamps. Sex in any eruptive sense was out of the wedding sequence, for Mary transcended rouge, lipstick, and the Charleston. Underneath the godlike figures of ideal man- and womanhood was the dim Platonic core of a visionary grinning pink-cheeked boy and a blushing golden-haired girl, romping hand in hand up the hill, leaving their sins behind them.

FAIRBANKS was his own chief heromaker. Under the pen name Elton Thomas he kept turning out books and scenarios. A precocious young lady named Anita Loos helped. The daughter of a theatrical manager, she played Little Lord Fauntleroy at five and wrote "The New York Hat" for D. W. Griffith when twelve. At twenty she was averaging three movie stories a month when Doug hired her. The six scenarios she did in three years extolled the heroic activist. Two-dimensional and satisfying, the Loos stories portrayed Doug winning the three F's: fame, fortune, and female. They stressed his good humor and optimism. Doug was as bully as Teddy Roosevelt, and much more wieldy. In addition to projecting him onto America, she even wrote a book which explained how it was done.

Her "Breaking Into the Movies" (1921) made it clear that Doug had to know what he was doing but pretend that he didn't. "The movie actor," she commented, "must know precisely how to control the reactions inside that discredited gray matter of his." Someone behind him, such as Anita Loos, had to know just what to write. "In choosing your story," she said, "be sure it has the dramatic quality. It must not be rambling; and it must have an element of conflict, Good and Evil. The great demand today is for the sane, wholesome stories of modern American life, wherein character is the paramount interest rather than eccentricities of the plot or camera."

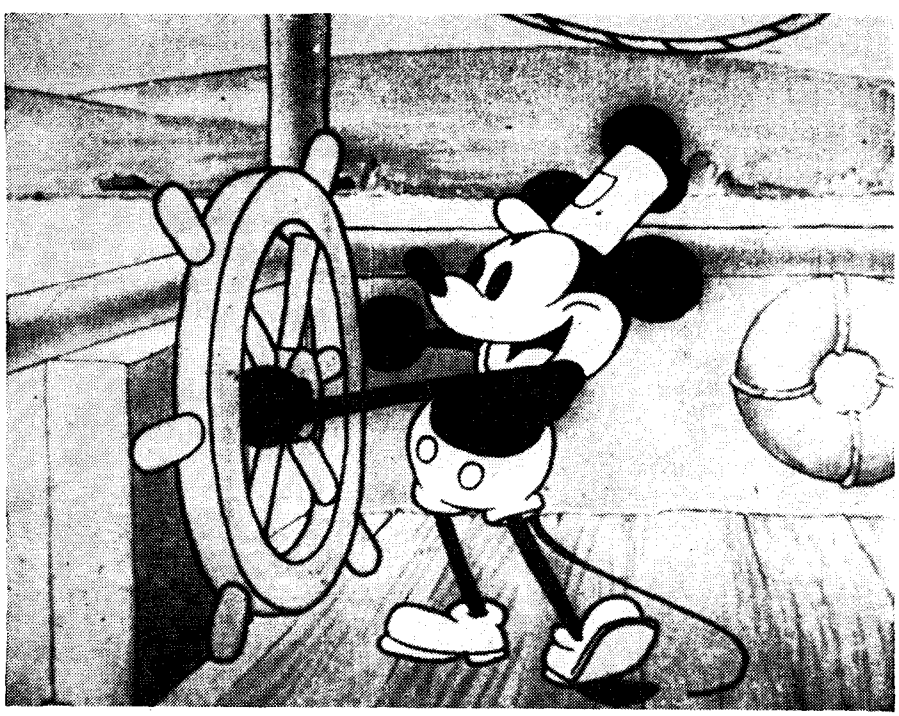
Booth Tarkington, who saw plainly what Doug was becoming for America, commented in a national magazine: "Fairbanks is a faun who has been to Sunday School. He has a pagan body which yields instantly to any heathen or gypsy impulse. . . . He would be a sympathetic companion for anybody's aunt. I don't know his age; I think he hasn't any."

After World War I, Doug became a world symbol of "Americano," the Yankee worker of miracles and exemplar of the United States' faith in victory by grin power. His later movies got more pretentious, but less compact. Taken as film sermons, they revealed a growing softness. "The Mark of Zorro," "The Three Musketeers," "The Thief of Bagdad," "The Iron Mask," and "The Private Life of Don Juan" were lusher, but less persuasive, than the "Golden West" films. They went down beautifully bedecked blind alleys. Although the public remained faithful, Fairbanks gradually lost his early mastery. On March 15, 1936, he retired. Two years later he organized the Fairbanks International Company, planning to star his son in the first production. But even Doug's grins were numbered. He died quietly in his sleep in 1939.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., tried to perpetuate his father's image in such movies as "Exile," "The Corsican Brothers," "Gunga Din," "Prisoner of Zenda," and "Sinbad the Sailor." Junior lacked the master's touch. Yet he never forgot his father's stereotype. By virtue of many speeches and some action during World War II, he managed to get a British honorary knighthood, the Cross of Military Valor from Italy, the City of Vienna medal from Austria, and the Order of the Southern Cross from Brazil. All were well publicized. But Doug's boy was not a hero. He had tried to preserve the Fairbanks form without substance. Thus Junior passed through the American hall of fame dragging his father's name behind him.

Unlike Charlie Chaplin, Doug has enjoyed no recent revival, and some now consider him merely a personable gymnast. Yet his contribution was

(*Continued on page* 38)



"Steamboat Willie"—"groans, whines, and squeaks that add to the mirthful quality."

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King of Apartheidland

"Through Malan's Africa," by Robert St. John *(Doubleday. 317 pp. $3.95), is an American journalist's report on conditions in the Union of South Africa today. Emory Ross, our reviewer, was for many years secretary of the Africa Committee, Division of Foreign Missions of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the USA.*

By Emory Ross

IF THERE were a single Africa, and if that Africa could speak, what would it be saying today? To this question there is no sure answer, for there actually are scores of Africas trying to speak to each other and to the world, and their statements are conflicting, confusing, and cantankerous. One of the Africas, the race-conscious domain of Dr. Daniel Malan in the Union of South Africa, speaks to the world too often only in self-defense. But behind the bitter vigor of Malan's utterances and the naked force of his rule lies an empire in which 2,500,000 whites control their own lives and those of about ten million non-whites. Without political power, harassed and exploited by the white minority, the nine million Negroes and the million or so Colored, Indians, and Malays are sorely tried to know what to do. If the blow-off comes it may forever doom the efforts of Europe to undo peacefully the colonial harm she has done.

Robert St. John, an experienced, able reporter, is concerned in his book "Through Malan's Africa" almost exclusively with this ominous racial situation. Like most writers on South Africa whose books are published in English, he is against "apart-hate." He uses this hyphenated spelling to introduce the term *apartheid,* the racial segregation policy of Malan's Government, because such a spelling indicates two things correctly: how the word is pronounced and what it produces.

But the policy of *apartheid* is only a political supplement to an economic policy that depends on cheap Native labor to work in the mines, farms, and homes of the whites. Covering all the major cities—among them Johannesburg, Capetown, Durban, and East London—the author shows us what most white South Africans never see: how the non-whites live. Twelve miles from Johannesburg there is a suburb called Alexandra, where 90,000 Africans live in 600 acres of jerry-built shacks, and from which they commute by bus to work in the city. The bus service is not good. Queues start forming at 3:30 A.M. for the buses, which leave every five minutes. If someone wants to avoid an hour and a half standing in line, then he takes the four o'clock bus, which lands him in town about three hours before he is due at work. Queues form at the other end, too, and the man who got up at 3:30 will be lucky if he gets back home by 8:30 P.M. Once, when the bus company tried to add a penny to the fare, the Africans, to whom a penny is like a dollar to a white man, walked the entire twenty-four miles to work and back every day for weeks. Finally the bus company gave in and left the fare the same. The typical family in Alexandra lives in a group of houses with ten other families, so that seventy-two people share the one outdoor water faucet and the four privies.

TO LIVE in such ghettos and to work in the white man's factories, the Natives must be equipped with one or more passes, which are issued by the Government under laws so bewilderingly complex that any Native can be arrested at any time by a policeman

THE AUTHOR: Without a doubt Robert St. John, a born partisan of people of all colors, classes, and creeds, is the most devout disciple of pogonotrophy among foreign correspondents. Vandykes, goatees, and stubble (usually worn with matching trench coats) may be *de rigueur* for journalistic chins abroad, but St. John, whose whole face has been a magnificent, uncut lawn of hair for decades, has only contempt for such wisps. "They do not constitute a beard in the true sense and should not qualify as pogonotrophy, the only field of art which the female sex has not yet entered," he observed icily the other day in a suburb of Geneva, where he is working on his eighth book. St. John's beard—its flowing style, he says, was plagiarized from John H. Lockman, a nineteenth-century New Hampshire citizen whose portrait he once spotted in the New Hampshire Statehouse, and its loose ends were once trimmed by the late Jo Davidson, an orthodox pogonotropist himself—has definite advantages. "In Geneva, with the Far East conference now in session, I am often mistaken for a diplomat," he reported. "The gendarmes salute me. Porters open doors for me." St. John, who was born in Chicago in 1902, has amassed an impressive record as a globetrotter: he has gone through fifty-one countries and 1,000,000 miles in fifteen years as an A.P. war correspondent, an NBC war reporter and commentator, and freelancer. He also chalked up some mileage chasing chickens on a New Hampshire chicken farm he owned in the Thirties. Of his six-month tour through Malan's Africa in 1953 he said: "I followed the method of gathering material I had used in Yugoslavia, Greece, and Israel. While there was no war going on down there, there was another handicap even worse: the antagonism of the Malan Government toward anyone trying to throw even the smallest searchlight into South Africa's dark corners. I had to take notes surreptitiously and to smuggle my seventeen notebooks out of the country."

—BERNARD KALB.

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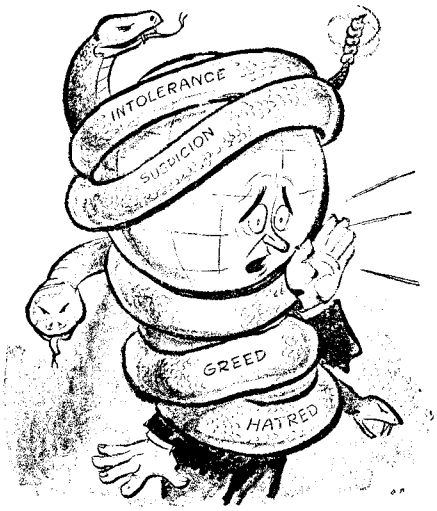
ingenious enough to discover a discrepancy in the Native's pass

In the back country, where Natives can live in something approximating the tribal state, things are better. But still the urge to get money to pay taxes, marriage fees, and the cost of a few of the white man's goods drives thousands of Native men into cities like Johannesburg, or into the mines. Much has been written about the conditions under which Native labor works in the mines: Mr. St. John adds little to the knowledge available about the concentration-camp atmosphere and the high rates of tuberculosis, silicosis, and accidental death among Negro mine-workers, but it is a part of his story that can stand endless repetition.

Reading a book so packed with documented descriptions of inequality, one can feel Mr. St. John's strong sympathy for the underdog. One knows that he is on the side of the Africans, the Coloreds, the Malays, the Indians. But hear this: On page 78 the author reports his second visit to the home of a Stellenbosch University professor, brilliant, personable, friendly, and a most hospitable host. He is an Afrikaner, educated in the Union, but he has been abroad. He speaks with a slight Oxford accent. He says to St. John: "It surprises me very much that more of you Americans do not understand us . . . you fought Great Britain to get freedom . . . why do you not understand our [Afrikaner's] desire for freedom . . . ? You are always pictured as the friend of the underdog . . ." St. John's "Malan's Land" and Carroll's "Wonderland" have some points in common.

DESPITE the words of the Stellenbosch professor, the author, and presumably his reader, has little doubt as to who is the underdog in South Africa. Details piled upon details reinforce the picture of the white minority running, striving, pushing, just to stand still. World events have passed the Union by; powerful forces there want things as they are, as they were, with only minimal change. The struggle is to stand still, with only a few decibels of sound for change, tightly controlled change. Too much reliance seems placed in the Union on a sort of white Maginot line. Intelligence, in the military sense, seems scanty indeed. The burden of Mr. St. John's portrait of African life is that most of the whites now wielding political power know too little about how and what Africans really think.

There have been hopeful signs of political sanity in the Union. A few years ago the "Torch Commando" of a young war hero named "Sailor" Malan was one. Maybe Mr. St. John's account of what happened to the fine resolve of young Malan and his followers is not the whole story, but it is revealing.



—*Tom Gray*, Chicago Times.

"Paging St. Patrick."

Revealing, too, though not perhaps completely, are conversations he records with Africans (some unidentified at their request) and others. He writes by name of many more. He met and spoke to the quiet, earnest, unassuming Alan Paton, who has devoted his earnings from "Cry, the Beloved Country" to helping the Negroes he portrayed so well. One of his most impressive interviews was with Manilal Gandhi and wife. Outsiders think that Africans so close to primitivism would find passive methods impossible, but Gandhi reported great progress in this perplexing and effective form of political and social action. Others he warmly and understandingly describes are Leo Marquard, an Afrikaner of the same persuasion as Alan Paton, Donald Molteno, a Native lawyer, and Albert Luthuli, the stalwart president of the African National Congress.

But there is no full-scale portrait of the strong, bitter old man who sits atop the present power pyramid of the Union. A number of references are made to him and his policies, but he takes a back seat in comparison with the figures mentioned above. Perhaps this is just as well. The world has already heard a great deal about Dr. Malan. The author wants his readers to hear what Malan's country is like, with doubtless the hope that if reasonable people abroad and reasonable Afrikaners in the Union can clear-eyed face the scene, a solution can be found before it is too late. Mr. St. John ends his book by saying of Dr. Malan and *apartheid:* ". . . he invented a word. And the word became law. But nothing was solved."

Treasure and Trouble

***"The South African Way of Life," edited by G. H. Calpin** (Columbia University Press. 200 pp. $3.50), is an examination of the social and economic situation in the Union of South Africa by ten specialists. A volume in the Way of Life Series, it was prepared under the auspices of the International Studies Conference with the financial assistance of UNESCO. Here it is reviewed by Carveth Wells, author of "Introducing Africa" and other books.*

By Carveth Wells

"THE South African Way of Life" is the work of ten different writers, each of whom has selected one piece of that hitherto unsolvable jigsaw puzzle, the Union of South Africa, and tried to show why his particular piece is so difficult to fit into the rest. These authors (they include a native African) are all scholars and experts in their particular subjects, and they contribute essays on the different communities which make up the population of the Union, such as the Afrikaners, the English, the South-African Jews, the Bantus, the Colored community (meaning anyone of mixed blood), and the Asiatic Indians.

The well-known adage that "the love of money is the root of all evil" is surely applicable to the Union of South Africa, for, according to the authors, everything was working out beautifully in their land until diamonds were discovered in 1870 and the still more valuable gold in 1886. Until that time the white man had been living in a free, frontierlike independence, while the Bantu was still strictly under the control of his chief and his traditional tribal organization.

But when South Africa's diamond mines and gold fields, unlike Klondike, showed no signs of petering out, strange men with plenty of capital began to flow into the country. In their wake came Britain's flag-waving empire builders, notably Sir Alfred Milner, whose ultimatum to President Kruger resulted in the Boer War and the creation of the Union of South Africa. With the opening of the gold mines of the Rand in 1886 a rush of English-speaking adventurers poured into what is now Johannesburg. Close behind them came the big businessmen and financiers, including such men as Cecil Rhodes, Barney Barnato, Sol Joel, Eckstein, and Abe Bailey. The great Rothschilds made the mistake of their lives

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—South African Government.

Tsolo Agricultural School. "Is the strong hand of the white man a safeguard?"

when they missed the South African boat.

Next came a new era of industrialization, as a mass migration of young Afrikaner men and women from farms to cities occurred. Suddenly there was a tremendous demand for cheap labor and, as the Bantus proved unwilling to work for long periods, Indian "coolies" under contract to serve for from three to five years started in. Today there are at least 365,000 Indians in the Union alone and, while their numbers are small compared with the 8,500,000 Bantus, they present a political problem out of all proportion to their number.

Although Communism is outlawed in the Union of South Africa, a movement, said to have been initiated by a few avowed Indian Communists, towards a non-European Front, united action by Bantus, Indians, and Coloreds, for the advancement of the common cause, is already causing considerable unrest among the Bantus. Just what might happen when the 8,500,000 Bantus become fully aware of the rise and progress of the Negroes in the United States and attempt to emulate them, already gives every European the shudders. To me the most interesting chapters of this very unusual book were those on the Bantus, the Jews, and the Coloreds.

Although they are the unwilling victims of Prime Minister Malan's *apartheid* policy, the Bantus regard the whites as less than human. When the Europeans first came to South Africa they were not even referred to as "people" (*abantu*), so that special names for them had to be coined. For instance, the Zulus referred to whites as "those whose ears reflect the sunlight." The Sothos called them "those having the color of a yellowish claypot." American mothers will be envious when they hear that among the Bantus a seven-year-old girl can run the house, make a fire, fetch water, cook food, tend the baby, and generally look after the home when mother is out in the fields.

It is surprising to learn that the Jews were the economic pioneers of South Africa, who introduced merino sheep, cotton, sugar cane, Angora goats to start the mohair industry and started the very valuable ostrich-feather industry. Today there are about 100,000 Jews in the Union and they, like the two and a half million Afrikaners and English, believe in the segregation of the Bantus and have strong social prejudices against non-Europeans. As for the Coloreds, of whom there are about one million, their situation is just as tragic as that of the Eurasians in India and other parts of East Asia.

While the whole continent of Africa is of vital importance to the continued prosperity of the United States, the Union of South Africa, being a regular treasure house of strategic materials, is especially so.

With regard to the future, R. M. De Villiers, one of the authors, has this to say: "Can South Africa avoid what everyone dreads—a conflict between white and black? This is what South Africans are asking themselves today. Is the strong hand of the ruling white man a safeguard? Or will denial of all political aspirations precipitate a conflict? The answer to this is the key to all political trends in the Union of South Africa today."

Hot and Cold Game

"African Hunt," by Thomas S. Arbuthnot *(W. W. Norton. 269 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Hunter's Choice," by Alexander Lake*** *(Doubleday. 254 pp. $3.50), are two accounts of big-game hunting, the first of a 1927 safari by a Pittsburgh physician, the latter of present-day adventures by a professional hunter. Hans Christian Adamson, who reviews them below, has done his share of big-game hunting.*

By Hans Christian Adamson

TO READ "African Hunt," by Thomas S. Arbuthnot, and "Hunter's Choice," by Alexander Lake, in succession is much like looking at Africa's gamescape through a set of binoculars with powerful but completely different lenses. However, let there be no mistake about it being a unique and pleasant experience. While they are completely different, they are alike in that they are written with almost photographic realism. One might even say in Technicolor.

Arbuthnot, who is a Pittsburgh physician, unrolls an Africa that reminds one of the "Brightest Africa" Carl Akeley created. He, too, sees it as a bright, inviting, live-and-let-live scene in contrast to the still surviving school of gooseflesh Afrikanders, adherents to the Dark Continent views of Stanley and Teddy Roosevelt. This does not mean that Dr. Arbuthnot's game trails are unexciting. On the contrary! He describes numerous spine-tingling encounters with leopard, lion, elephant, and buffalo. But, by and large, his Africa is Akeley's. Not all elephants are ivory-tossing exterminators, not all lions are homicidal feline maniacs.

"African Hunt" describes a 1927 safari staged with the cooperation of Fletcher and Kenneth Walker, adventure-seeking brothers in their early twenties. The physician had met them on a hunting trip to Alaska. Since the safari was planned in the classical concept of its day, the book fairly drools with dead critters of trophy-making proportions. But, while "African Hunt" has its share of bang-bang, it also has earthy humor, lively incidents well told, and the overtones of sportsmanship that is the belt and buckle of real animal conservation.

"African Hunt" recounts many of the adventures that faced its author in taking photographs, but the promises of somewhat broader reading made in the chapter headings are

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amply fulfilled in the body of the text. Mere repetition of danger-topped incidents would prove cloying in the end, or even before it, so Dr. Arbuthnot wisely breaks this recital up with unusual and appealing information that makes the reading of it as rewarding as anything short of real, bonafide first-hand experience can ever hope to be. Wonderful is an illustrated tidbit about a lion cub and interesting are several unexpected encounters with natives and their way of life. Dr. Arbuthnot's pen has the magic that mixes events and tempo. Just around the tray from every little sugar-coated pill of information is a slug of adventure to act as a chaser.

THE tear Dr. Arbuthnot sheds because Africa is not what it used to be—perhaps it never was—does not glisten in the eyes of Alexander Lake. He appears to be an out-and-out Martin Johnson kind of man. The latter devoted his films and writings to explode the shoot-and-shiver myths of too articulate Brethren of the Safari. Although Mr. Lake does not emphasize his views, as Johnson did, by aiming flit-guns at elephants or dining close up to lions munching a zebra, he does establish in his own clear way that Africa is as dangerous as the hunter makes it. "Hunter's Choice" above all proves that in Africa one meets such interesting people. Some good, some bad, and some that should be ant fodder. But the sum total of Mr. Lake's conclusions about the game world of Africa—and he was born there—is that it has never been as interesting, inviting, and full of animals and people as it is right now.

In his day, this professional hunter has lived among natives, guided scientists, and led safaris for millionaires. He has stood gun-guard over photographers who took pictures within feet of stampeding elephants, within inches of the fangs of deadly snakes. He tells about near-disaster on quicksands so that it seems that you are there; of run-amok dope peddlers who supply the maniacal Mau-Mau. From Mr. Lake's line-up of ruthless beasts in Africa, man easily emerges as the deadliest, least dependable, and most expendable of all.

Completely unique—within the range of this reader, at least—is the portion of "Hunter's Choice" that describes African birdlife, which varies from pink flamingo flights by the square mile to veritable cumulus formations of smaller birds. For his money, Mr. Lake would hunt birds in preference to anything else. His description of how to shoot the huge

(*Continued on page 35*)

SHORT FICTION

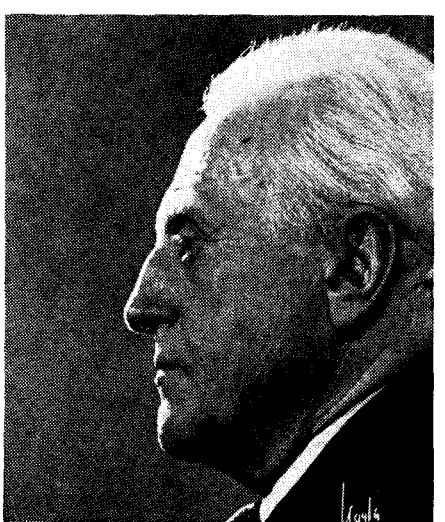
A Swedish Paradoxist

"The Eternal Smile and Other Stories," by Pär Lagerkvist *(translated by Alan Blair, Erik Mesterton, Denys W. Harding, and Carl Eric Lindin. Random House. 389 pp. $4.50), offers Americans their first chance to read some of the shorter work of the distinguished Swedish writer who won a Nobel Prize in 1951.*

By William Peden

FOR years Pär Lagerkvist has been hailed in his native Sweden as an influential dramatist, a major fiction writer, and a distinguished poet and essayist. Until he received the Nobel prize for literature in 1951, however, he was comparatively unknown in America. Such lack of recognition is a rather appalling commentary on contemporary international cultural relations, and is in part due to the fact that of Lagerkvist's some thirty-five books only two have been published in America (the novels "Barrabas" and "The Dwarf"). The appearance of "The Eternal Smile and Other Stories," then, is a publishing event of real significance. As Richard Vowles tells us in an excellent introduction, this collection represents some of Lagerkvist's best work written in the field of short fiction during the last thirty-five years. If these stories are representative of his work in general, Lagerkvist is one of the great writers of this generation.

Variety is probably the most remarkable characteristic of Lagerkvist's stories. As Mr. Vowles observes, Lagerkvist is a master of paradox, a "very dwelling place of dualisms, of contending opposites." Most of the "Evil Tales" are extremely brief stories—a sort of fable, parable, vignette—quite unlike the traditional brief short-story of recent years. Blended of reality and fantasy, the stories' setting may be hell, or a black and limitless sea, or a never-never world of dreams; others are as familiar as the room in which you are now sitting, as recognizable—and yet as elusive—as the face of a sleeping child. But all of them illuminate individual aspects of man's dilemma; they are "milestones along Lagerkvist's path through a dark moral universe."



—Atelje Uggla.

Pär Lagerkvist—"dark moral universe."

The longer pieces exhibit similar breadth, and represent Lagerkvist at his best. The title story depicts mankind's long and stumbling attempts to discover God. The characters—a "few of the dead sitting somewhere in the darkness, sitting and talking to pass eternity away"—discuss their lives on earth in what amounts to a surging symphonic commentary on the why of man's being. Equally memorable is "The Hangman." This shocking inquiry into the problem of evil is a vivid combination of harsh realism, fantasy, and folklore, written in a prose that can be described only as magnificent, a prose simple or ornate as the situation demands, now hushed and quiet, now exploding into an outburst of violence or passion. The realistic and autobiographical "Guest of Reality" represents another facet of Lagerkvist's remarkable talent, while the angry Swiftian satire of "The Children's Campaign" suggests still another.

But it is impossible to do Lagerkvist justice in a brief commentary. Regardless of subject and method, his stories bear the unmistakable authenticity that we associate only with the great. And in spite of their preoccupation with the dark, the violent, the sinister, and the terrible, these stories are an affirmation rather than a denial of man's dignity and goodness, his need for love, his striving for a meaning and a justification. They are as much the creations of a seer as a fiction writer, as Mr. Vowles suggests; as such they compose a "classical landscape, a moral landscape, deeply reassuring in our time."

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Spanish Genius

"Spanish Stories and Tales," edited by Harriet de Onís *(Alfred A. Knopf. 270 pp. $3.95), brings together twenty-three fictional pieces, written in the Old World and the New, between the thirteenth century and the present.*

By T. G. Bergin

THE TWENTY-THREE stories in Harriet de Onís's collection, "Spanish Stories and Tales," cover a wide range chronologically no less than geographically. The oldest tale (from the "Calila y Dimna") goes back to the times of Alfonso el Sabio, who lived some one hundred years before Chaucer, and the latest one, by the Argentine Eduardo Mallea, is of only last year; while on the geographical side, although the mother country is best represented (eleven stories), there are four entries from Argentina, and one each from Cuba, Mexico, Guatemala, Colombia, Venezuela, Peru, Chile, and Uruguay.

It is interesting to note that of the tales printed in the last twenty years (I count seven such, though dates are not always given) all are Spanish-American rather than Spanish. This may give a somewhat false impression of the vitality of the motherland—one may regret that such writers as Pérez de Ayala, Fernandez-Florez, and the unpredictable Ramón are unrepresented. But I am afraid I am falling into the old trap; a reviewer of any anthology is always tempted to revise the table of contents, which is certainly beside the point. *Callen barbas si hablan cartas*—these are all fine stories.

In the arrangement of the items, chronology is deliberately flouted; the Cervantes entry, "The Call of the Blood," is preceded by the twentieth-century fable of the Argentine Borges and followed by the amusing allegory of Clarín (associated with "the generation of '98").

I don't quite understand the purpose of the arrangement of the tales; the abandonment of chronological order does of course have the effect, no doubt intended, of pointing up the eternal freshness of some of the old stories; and the mingling of the centuries leaves us with a final impression of certain constants in the Spanish mentality. The didactic urge is strong (see Don Juan Manuel's version of shrew-taming); there is a striving for the sententious, the oracular, and the universal (see not only Unamuno but the Mexican herdsmen of "Coyote 15"); and when realism breaks out it is likely to be brutal or violent (see "Ashes for the Wind," among others). Short stories of other nations show these qualities too, of course, but not I think in the same proportions. Conversely, Spanish has relatively little of the chatty anecdote tale of Sacchetti or Bandello or of the art for art's sake (sometimes sheer mischief) story that among the French is as old as "Aucassin and Nicolette" and as new at least as Guillaume Apollinaire and the Surrealists. The sobriety, the earnestness, and the soul-searching of the Spanish spirit come out clearly in this collection.

Space does not permit me to comment on individual items as I would like to. The reader completely unfamiliar with Spanish prose will learn from the selections here why certain names such as Cervantes, Valle-Inclán, and Unamuno have won renown; readers well acquainted with the field may find some pleasant surprises in the contemporary offerings (notably Novás Calvo's grim tale of the cabbie caught in the Cuban revolution) and may feel reassured about the lasting vigor of the Spanish creative genius.

Harriet de Onís, as well as translating fifteen of the stories, provides a discreet introduction along historical lines, and an informative paragraph about each of the entries.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 577

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 577 will be found in the next issue.

VWQUDFGXF KR PEF

PEKWX MQO VWQU HWG

EQU JHW MQO VWQU

CQLF PEHW MQO GQ VWQU.

—XFLPLOGF RPFKW.

Answer to No. 576

The pleasantness of an idea is no evidence for its truth, nor vice versa.—J. B. S. Haldane.

—*Van Ammon.*

Doris Betts—"strong, sensitive."

A Fine Debut

"The Gentle Insurrection," by Doris Betts *(G. P. Putnam's Sons. 274 pp. $3.50), is a collection of short pieces, mostly on Southern themes, written while the author was an undergraduate at the Women's College of the University of North Carolina.*

By Evelyn Eaton

IT IS often interesting, sometimes moving, and once in too great a while unexpectedly and satisfactorily exciting, to read the first published work of a new "serious" young writer, using the French word *sérieux*, which does not preclude comedy, but is simply the word of tribute that nation of individual critics and craftsmen chooses to give to the man or woman presenting a well-finished, properly polished piece of work to an equally "serious" public. Doris Betts's "The Gentle Insurrection" is such an occasion for excitement.

Here we have twelve fine stories, free from banality of thought and commonplace theme, exploring deep dimensions of experience with a mature authority. Mrs. Betts excels in the creation of charged atmospheres, subtle tensions, and unexpressed anxieties between well-meaning people who would like to understand one another, but are hopelessly divided by our human isolation.

Her work passes one of the tests

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of the greatest writing, which is that more shall assail the reader than is written on the page. Her first story, "The Sympathetic Visitor," is an example of power of evocation and communication of a mood every white woman living in the South will recognize, here superbly and economically conveyed. The tragedy of Nettie Sue, whose brother, driven desperate by the pressures of drab life, and by the war, to murder his mother and run amok through a terrorized town, is matched by the tragedy of Miss Ward, who, accepting and resenting guilty responsibility, can find only platitudes to say to Nettie Sue. " 'Yes,' said Miss Ward. Now the tiredness was all over her, hanging on her limbs the way moss hangs on trees in a swamp; she felt herself slumping, flattening. 'Yes, we were all scared uptown, too'."

"Child So Fair" is another example of Mrs. Betts's strong, sensitive power of evocation. We enter fully into several lives in a short eight pages: "Will Franklin took Thea to wife when she was about sixteen, and they fell to displeasure right away. Thea didn't hold with forgiving too ready and Will didn't care if she did or neither, so it went poorly for them. Thea was the only one of them all ever coming home; the rest stuck it out in quietness."

The weakest story in the book is the most ambitious, "Serpents and Doves," an excursion into Stephen Vincent Benét's world of dialogue with the devil, which doesn't quite come off, though it has its good moments before we encounter the devil.

"The Gentle Insurrection," from which the collection takes its title, was printed in *Coraddi*, at the Women's College of the University of North Carolina, as was "The Sword"; "The Sympathetic Visitor" and "Mr. Shawn and Father Scott" won prizes and publication in *Mademoiselle*. The collection received the $2,000 award in the first Putnam-University of North Carolina Prize contest. After such a promising debut in the world of letters, it will be interesting to watch the development of this writer's work. What, for instance, will she give us, when she has emerged from the generous pessimism of indignant youth, and, in the words of Dr. Johnson's would-be philosopher, "cheerfulness breaks in"? It could be a great book.

Dirty-Deal World

"Happy New Year, Kamerades!" by Robert James Collas Lowry *(Doubleday. 256 pp. $3.50), is a collection of short stories about a variety of themes, the most effective of which deal with the Army in wartime.*

By Charles Lee

AT HIS best Robert James Collas Lowry is a powerful writer, a maker of somber spells who achieves impact even when he does not win intellectual assent to his philosophy of despair. But Mr. Lowry is not always at his best, as he makes too clear in his new collection of short stories, "Happy New Year, Kamerades!" a display of very uneven exhibits. Finished landscapes take the same spotlight with experimental doodlings, the mature statement with sophomoric sophistication. One wishes he had not such a preservative esteem for all of his creations.

Mr. Lowry is especially dimensional and dramatic in his rendering of the "dirty-deal world" of war. Here the mobilization of man's most uncharitable impulses is emphatically visible; the reduction makes him transparently lower than the angels; he can be seen through without his little touch of radiance—and the revelation is satanically ugly. If Lowry seems to simplify, so, too, does the Army. The difficulty is that his bristling simplifications are always in one direction, as if men are never dignified but only disillusioned by disaster; yet God, as someone has said, has spoken from the mouths of cannon as well as from the mouths of saints.

"Casualty," the longest story in the book, reveals the appalling pettiness of life in an Air Corps camp near San Cialo, Italy, during the fifth winter of the war. The men are unhappy pawns in the officers' constant efforts to manipulate advancement for themselves; the Red Cross girls are only too willing to provide comforts beyond the call of doughnuts and coffee. Equally cynical are two other war stories, "The Defense in University City," a bitter slice of nihilism relating to the Spanish Civil War, and "Happy New Year, Kamerades!" a rough picture of sadism on the part of a group of American infantrymen desperately trying to get a kick out of celebrating New Year's Eve in an unobliging Rome.

Of the other eight pieces in the book, one is orthodox in treatment and subject, three are experimental,

(*Continued on page* 35)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TELL IT TO THE BIRDS

Beatrice S. Firestone of Cincinnati, Ohio, submits ten poetical passages in which birds are named or apostrophized without being named. You are asked to identify the birds, the poems, and the authors. If, of the thirty clutches of information sought, you achieve fewer than twenty, you are a sitting duck; if from twenty-one to thirty, a wise old owl; if thirty-one or better, stick a feather in your cap. Answers on page 18.

1. Thou was not born for death, immortal bird,
   No hungry generations tread thee down.
2. A ----- -------- in a cage.
   Puts all heaven in a rage.
3. Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
   Bird thou never wert.
4. The moan of ----- in immemorial elms.
   The murmur of innumerable bees.
5. The wild ----- to the windswept sky,
   The deer to the wholesome mold,
   And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
   As it was in the days of old.
6. The ----- on still St. Mary's Lake
   Float double, ---- and shadow.
7. Of all the birds that sing and fly
   Between the housetops and the sky
   The muddy ------- mean and small
   I like by far the best of all.
8. So the struck -----, stretched upon the plain
   No more through rolling clouds to soar again
   Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
   And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
9. The -------- carries the sky on his back.
10. ------- in the grass alas.

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Epilogue to Ford's Theatre

"The Case of Mrs. Surratt: Her Controversial Trial and Execution for Conspiracy in the Lincoln Assassination," by Guy W. Moore *(University of Oklahoma Press. 142 pp. $3), and* ***"The Assassination of President Lincoln and the Trial of the Conspirators," edited by Benn Pitman*** *(Funk & Wagnalls. 422 pp. $7.50), are recent publications dealing with a perennially fascinating episode of American history. The first is the work of modern scholarship, the latter a facsimile edition of a contemporary volume with an introduction by Philip Van Doren Stern. Here they are reviewed by Earl Schenck Miers, author of "Gettysburg" and other books.*

By Earl Schenck Miers

A HOT, oppressive sun beat down upon the City of Washington. The day was July 7, 1865. A huge crowd waited eagerly around the Arsenal grounds; and in the river masts of ships were jammed with men who had climbed aloft to catch a glimpse of the gallows. No one doubted that the three men convicted in the conspiracy to assassinate President Lincoln would hang, but the feeling remained equally strong that the life of the woman would be spared.

Yet the minutes ticked away. Soldiers with sledges standing under the gallows looked uneasily at the hooded figure of Mary E. Surratt. Was there to be no reprieve? At last the execution could be delayed no longer; the sledges swung, knocking loose the props; the four bodies plunged into infamous oblivion and American history acquired one of its most fascinating mysteries.

The restrained objectivity with which Guy W. Moore reexamines the evidence in "The Case of Mrs. Surratt" is highly commendable. Rather than solving the mystery, however, Mr. Moore tends to leave it even a bit more tantalizing than it was on that humid day eighty-nine years ago. Did Mrs. Surratt deserve to die? History still can give no positive answer to this question, although sides can be drawn with all the passion and rancor of the controversy between the Army and a junior Senator from one of our Midwestern states.

To enjoy fully Mr. Moore's fine monograph on the controversial execution of Mrs. Surratt, the general reader needs a broad background of the courtroom drama that preceded it. Benn Pitman's "The Assassination of President Lincoln and the Trial of the Conspirators" is the ideal source, and now to have readily available a facsimile edition of this work, with an illuminating introduction by Philip Van Doren Stern, is a service for which many persons interested in American history can be grateful.

Our grandfathers read Benn Pitman until their eyes ached. The single immortal act of John Wilkes Booth in snuffing out the life of a beloved President in an hour of glorious military triumph could never be forgotten by the generation it outraged. Where emotion ended and reason began in the trial that followed was a matter of personal bias. Again, insofar as the military tribunal that weighed the evidence was a quasi-judicial body, it played for stakes other than simple justice.

The Government opened its case with a dogged, prolonged, and unsuccessful effort to prove that the conspiracy against Lincoln and others in his cabinet was incubated by Jefferson Davis and his Richmond "warmongers." The room in the Old Penitentiary Building where the trial was conducted soon bristled with tension. Eight conspirators were presently before the bar, but the impression existed that hundreds more were involved. In a plot of such proportions, with no less than the overthrow of national security at stake, individuals well might seem expendable.

With Lincoln's death "American history acquired one of its most fascinating mysteries."

No one knew what to believe after a time. Had there been two conspiracies against Lincoln? Was General Grant one of the intended victims? Why was Booth's diary never introduced in evidence? Did Booth commit suicide or was he shot? Why was Secretary Seward so viciously attacked, and the planned threat upon the life of Vice President Johnson never seriously attempted?

The confusion grew, the mysteries multiplied. Quickly accepted as sound, however, were the cases against the three men who would hang—the swaggering Rebel deserter, Lewis Payne, once banished from Baltimore for an abortive assault on a Negro maidservant; the irresponsible youth, David Herold, who had burst into the bedchamber of the sickly Seward screaming "I am mad! I am mad!"; and the weakling coachmaker, George Atzerodt, who had succumbed to a paralysis of fear when the moment came for him to strike down Johnson.

No such certainty of justice well dispensed could be attached to the sentencing of Mrs. Surratt. Indeed, many began asking, why was an effort being made to rush her to the gallows when others, who appeared guiltier, were not even arrested? The chief witnesses against her were a former boarder and a drunken tavernkeeper who told shaky stories at best. True, the Government hoped to seize her son, who was suspected of involvement in the conspiracy, and, in Mr. Stern's opinion, "the prosecution played a cat-and-mouse game with the mother, hoping to bring Surratt out of hiding when he saw his mother endangered."

Eventually the son stood trial and the case against him was dismissed when the jury disagreed. By then Mrs. Surratt had been dead two years, but not her cause. For decades statements were made in the press and on the floor of Congress that strengthened belief in the possible and perhaps the probable innocence of Mrs. Surratt.

Mr. Moore goes beyond Benn Pitman and Mr. Stern in placing before the reader the modern evidence. Anti-Catholicism may have played some role in Mrs. Surratt's execution; surely politics did. The majority of the court signed a plea of clemency in her behalf, and yet the plea was ignored. Did Judge Holt, strongly Unionist, a hater of Southern women, suppress the plea? Did Secretary Stanton? So grows the bewitching mystery encased in secrets of the grave.

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—*From "Pictorial History of American Ships"*

At right, Charles Gibbs, a Newport, R. I., pirate who supposedly plank-walked 400 people before hanging in 1831 on Ellis Island.

Challenges and Champions of Father Neptune

"Pictorial History of American Ships: On the High Seas and Inland Waters," by John and Alice Durant *(A. S. Barnes. 312 pp. $10), and* ***"Chesapeake Bay: A Pictorial Maritime History," by Marion V. Brewington*** *(Cornell Maritime Press. 229 pp. $6.50), both present their stories largely through illustrations, the former covering the whole panorama of American maritime activity, the latter concentrating on one important region. Our reviewer, Robert G. Albion, is professor of history at Harvard and author of "Square Riggers on Schedule."*

By Robert G. Albion

"IT is doubtful if any subject takes more kindly to pictorial representation than maritime history," writes Ernest S. Dodge, director of the Peabody Museum, in his introduction to John and Alice Durant's "Pictorial History of American Ships." As its title and that of Marion V. Brewington's "Chesapeake Bay: A Pictorial Maritime History" indicate, these recent books emphasize such representation, each coming down through the centuries of American history with hundreds of illustrations. Each devotes almost four-fifths of its space to such pictures, with only brief explanatory text. With that, however, the resemblance becomes less close. One book shows promise of popular appeal which may lure the uninitiated into an interest in America's seagoing past; the other, along with its popular appeal, ranks as one of the most valuable contributions to our maritime history.

"Strangely enough, notwithstanding the vast amount of illustrative material available," continues Mr. Dodge in his introduction, "there has not until now been a comprehensive pictorial history covering the entire field." Therein lies the distinctive feature of the Durant book. Its 552 pictures carry the story all the way from Indian canoes and Viking discoveries down to the latest liners, including seagoing square-riggers, steamships, naval vessels, river boats, and excursions into the colorful but less important bypaths of sea monsters, yachts, ship models, and the like. The pictures represent a wide search into collections and files of many sorts; some of the selections are excellent, but there are too many woodcuts of scenes drawn from imagination long after the event, even when better pictures were available. For all that, the pictures are never dull and almost anyone would enjoy an hour thumbing through them to recapture the old atmosphere.

LESS can be said for the 45,000 words of Durant text. Like too many of the frequent efforts to tell the whole American maritime story without attempting original research, it is not too bad for the 1775-1865 period where there are plenty of substantial studies from which the story can be drawn. The real test lies in the colonial and post-Civil War periods, and there these compilations all break down. The Durant account is particularly weak on the modern merchant marine. The entry on the Hog Islanders is misleading; there is no adequate appreciation of the return of the Stars and Stripes to the sea lanes with the network of regular services; and there

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is scarcely a word on the remarkable World War II construction of Liberty and Victory ships where at least Frederick C. Lane's excellent study was available. Purists might also object that the *Great Eastern, Titanic, Lusitania,* and *Vestris,* which get considerable space, were not American ships. The authors, of course, were relative newcomers to maritime history; their previous books had dealt with the history of boxing, baseball, and American sport in general.

MR. Brewington's book, on the other hand, represents the fruits of years of intimate familiarity with his subject, coupled with a craftsmanlike perfectionism in research and presentation. The Chesapeake, to be sure, is a somewhat more limited field to cover, but to one brought up in the traditions of the New England coast it is something of a shock to read the well-considered boasting about Chesapeake Bay:

> In pictorial records few areas of the United States have been so fortunate and no area holds more of maritime interest. Here the first permanent English settlement was made; here shipbuilding as a profession had its American beginnings; here our first purely local watercraft was developed. For a century and a half the Chesapeake's waters carried cargoes of greater value and bulk than all the rest of America combined. These waters saw the first naval engagement, the first amphibious expedition, and the action which altered the whole course of naval warfare. The list of firsts might be expanded indefinitely if space were available.

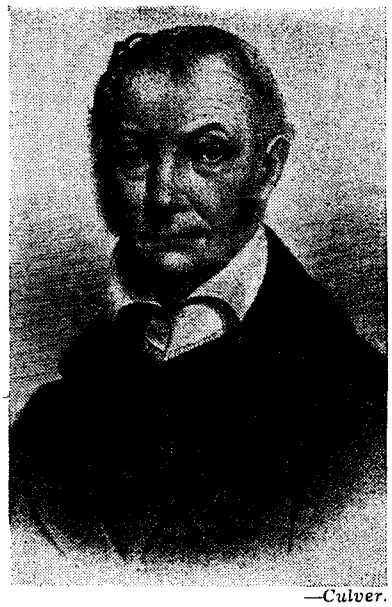
With the Brewingtons, Howard Chappelle, and the Cornell Maritime Press all now concentrated in Cambridge on Maryland's Eastern Shore, the Yankee seaports may well have to look to their laurels.

The 264 Chesapeake pictures represent a far more homogeneous quality than those of the other volume. "In making the selection for publication," writes Mr. Brewington, "a factual, realistic standard rather than an artistic one has ruled with a contemporaneous work given first choice when more than one picture of the same subject is to be had." The bulk of the pictures are published here for the first time, and might never have become available but for Mr. Brewington's years of tireless quest. Many of the fast-disappearing baycraft are preserved in his own photographs, which also show, for the first time, his own unequaled collection of the tools of the early shipbuilders, sailmakers, and caulkers. The book is divided into fourteen sections: Explorers and Settlers; Shipbuilding; Sailing Vessels; Steamboats; Ferries; Baycraft (his particular specialty, the subject of two earlier books); Ports; Commerce and Trade; Maritime Artisans; Oysters, Crabs, and Fish; Pilots, Privateering, Piracy, and War; Museums; and Sport.

Mr. Brewington's text is almost as important as his pictures—his 15,000 words introduce so much important new evidence that the book will certainly find a place among the dozen most valuable contributions to American maritime history—a "must" for any library or private collection. It is amazing how much he can concentrate into the brief space devoted to each of his topics. Yet the account remains lively. We learn, for instance, that Virginia's first ferry was the result of court action: "one John for committing fornication was ordered to set up a ferry over Old Plantation Creek or take thirty lashes with the whip." Altogether, the book would make a most acceptable gift to any salt-water enthusiast.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Nightingale, "Ode to a Nightingale" (Keats). 2. Robin redbreast, "Proverbs" (Blake). 3. Skylark, "Ode to a Skylark" (Shelley). 4. Doves, "The Princess" (Tennyson). 5. Hawk, "The Gipsy Trail" (Kipling). 6. Swans, swan, "Yarrow Unvisited" (Wordsworth). 7. Sparrow, "Songs About Life" (Hoffenstein). 8. Eagle, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" (Byron). 9. Bluebird, "Journal" (Thoreau). 10. Pigeons, "Four Saints in Three Acts" (Gertrude Stein).



—Culver.

Burr—"Western secession or Mexico?"

Hamilton's Nemesis

"The Burr Conspiracy," by Thomas Perkins Abernethy *(Oxford University Press. 301 pp. $6), is a new examination of the shady activities of the third Vice President of the United States in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys during Jefferson's second term. Nathan Schachner, our reviewer, is the author of the most recent biography of Aaron Burr.*

By Nathan Schachner

ONE of the most colorful episodes in American history is once again placed under scrutiny in Thomas Perkins Abernethy's new volume on "The Burr Conspiracy." That there was a "conspiracy" has never been in doubt; but whether the third Vice President of the United States intended his abortive expedition against the Spanish possessions in America, the western sections of this country, or a combination of both, is still as much a mystery as in the days of the famous treason trials.

Much new evidence has been uncovered since then, notably by Henry Adams and Walter McCaleb, but it has served only to make the mystery more mysterious and the confusion more confounded. The best testimony to this is the disagreement, often violent, among historians themselves. Adams and Claude G. Bowers are convinced of Burr's guilt in designing the secession of the West; McCaleb, A. J. Beveridge, and this reviewer consider Burr's plans aimed primarily at the conquest of Mexico, a proposal which, if technically illegal by statute, would certainly have met with the benevolent approval of the American people. Mr. Abernethy has joined himself with those who believe in Burr's treasonable designs, though he admits that the evidence is to a large extent unclear, susceptible of differing interpretations, and that much of it cannot be taken at face value. It is unfortunate therefore that his publisher made no such qualifications to the flat statement in the blurb that "Mr. Abernethy here succeeds in proving Burr's treasonable intentions beyond question."

The author has diligently collected all the known facts and set them forth in as reasonably continuous a story as their complexity admits. He has, however, not taken sufficient pains to separate those which can be termed first-hand evidence and those which have little or no probative value. Anonymous accusations, rumors, in-

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Painter and Art Politico

"Samuel F. B. Morse and American Democratic Art," by Oliver W. Larkin *(Little, Brown. 215 pp. $3), a volume in The Library of American Biography, concentrates on the early years of the inventor of the telegraph, when he was a portraitist of some ability. Here the book is reviewed by James Thomas Flexner, whose "American Painting: The Light of Distant Skies," scheduled for this autumn, deals with the period during which Morse was an influential figure.*

By James Thomas Flexner

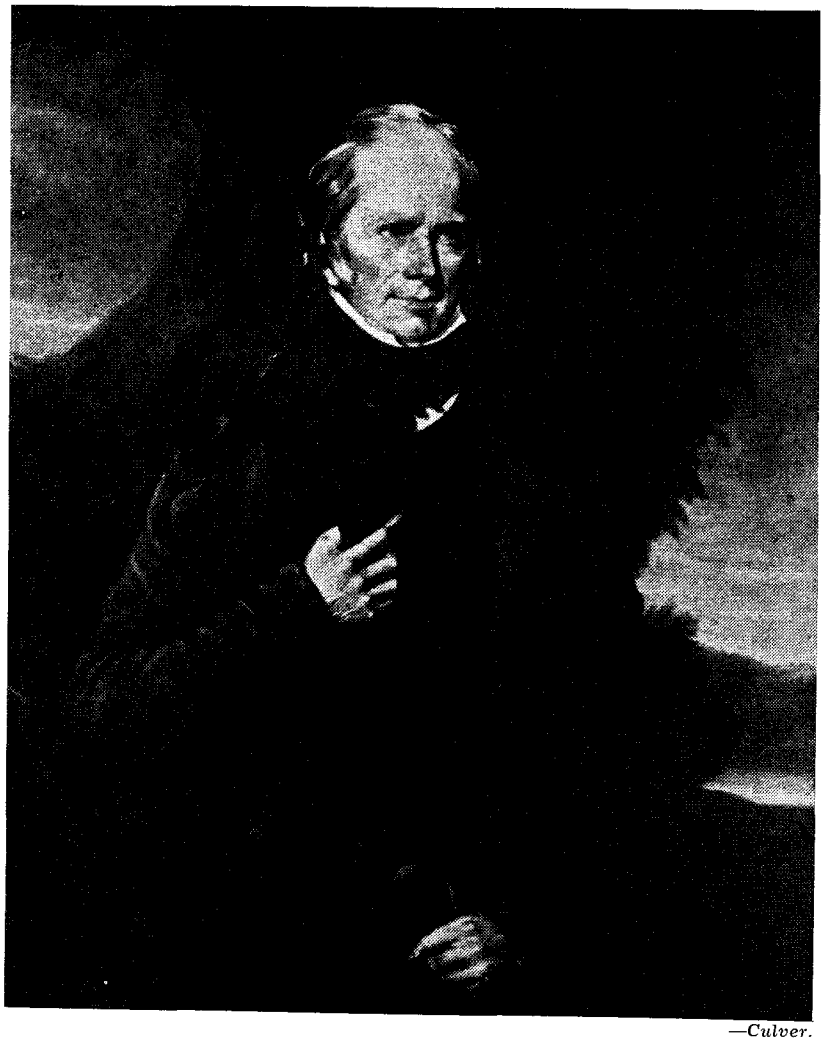
SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, the originator of the telegraph, dedicated the first half of his career to painting, and, had he never turned to invention, he would have enjoyed a sure niche in our cultural history. He was, for a while, one of the best portraitists of his generation. As an art politician, he was even more important, for he remained president of the National Academy of Design, an organization he helped found, long after he himself had lost his ability to paint. His influence was conservative. Indeed, it was the fact that he was so far behind the times that forced him at last to seek another means of livelihood. Paradoxically, this search led him into invention.

Morse's latest biographer, Oliver W. Larkin, won a Pulitzer prize in history for his "Art and Life in America." The first art historian to undertake a biography of Morse, he places the emphasis in his "Samuel F. B. Morse and American Democratic Art," on his subject's earlier years. Through analyses of individual paintings, he reveals, with admirable detachment, the stylistic development of a man who never achieved his esthetic possibilities. The word pictures he gives of the canvases go a long way to make us forget that the series of which his book is a part, "The Library of American Biography," is ill-adapted to art criticism, since room was found for tiny reproductions of only four of his paintings: of the Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, Lucretia Walker Morse, the Morse family, and the old House of Representatives.

Of necessity, in such a volume biography must be the keynote, and Professor Larkin gives much more space to life than works. As a biographer, he writes graciously, but does not cut deep. The difficulty seems to be that he keeps his hands on the steering wheel so firmly that his protagonist is limited to the role of an ineffectual backseat driver. Concern-Morse's first view of Europe, the author states typically, "In August 1811, Morse exchanged the tight small world of New England for the huge city that sprawled along the Thames. The steeples of Sir Christopher Wren's London churches were taller and more elegant than the spires of Boston and New Haven; in the noble facade of Whitehall Palace, Morse could see the model of Yankee structures in wood and brick. . . ."

Passages like this imply that the biographer has been reduced to desperation by the need to say something despite a complete lack of information on what his subject's adventures and reactions actually were. However, no crippling dearth of information exists in relation to Morse. He was such a voluminous and energetic writer of letters, memoranda, and diaries as is a biographer's dream.

Professor Larkin practically never quotes Morse's own words, nor does he paraphrase the contents of specific documents. He presents us in even prose a mild man of no particular personality, a character so gentle that the reader is unable to account for the bursts of violence that are part of the record: Morse's passionate renunciation of painting when he failed to secure a Federal commission he considered his due; the hysterical fear of Catholicism that made him a leading pamphleteer of the Know-Nothing movement. Nor is Morse's role in the art-life of the time really explained, for it was a madly inconsistent role that can only be understood in terms of the fierce fires of his temperament.



—*Culver.*

S. F. B. Morse's portrait of Henry Clay—"a sure niche in our cultural history."

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Furniture Speaks Esperanto

*"**Idea 54**" (George Wittenborn. 132 pp. $8.50) and "**New Furniture**" (George Wittenborn. 138 pp. $8.50), **both edited by Alvin Lustig**, are profusely illustrated anthologies of the work produced during the past year by furniture and home-furnishing designers in all parts of the world.*

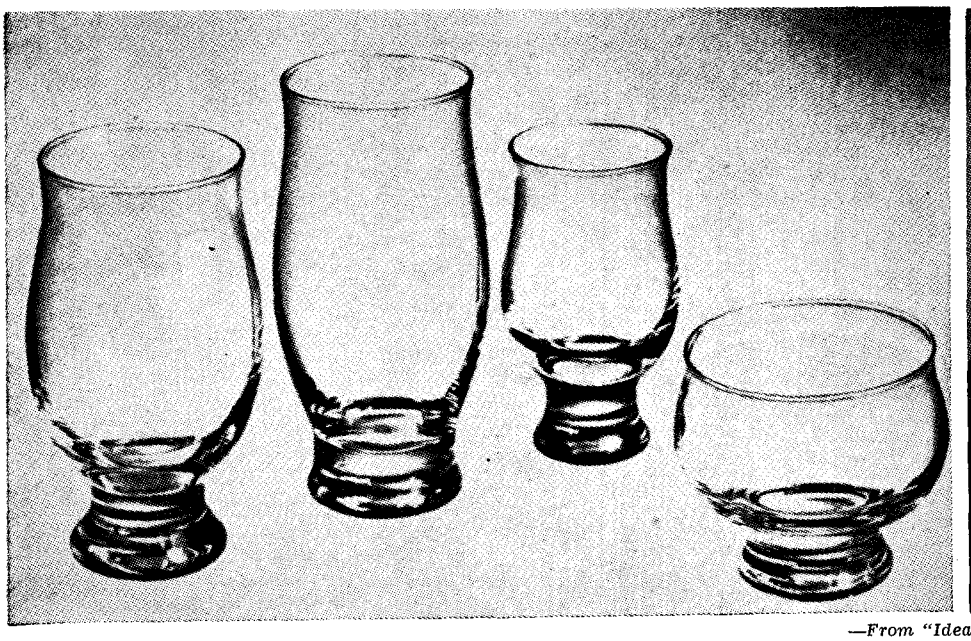
By Martin James

"IDEA 54" and "New Furniture" are each the second issues of fine pictorial yearbooks on furniture and design which first appeared in 1953 and together bid fair to become an institution. Nothing could be more valuable than year-by-year reports on what the world's outstanding designers and manufacturers are bringing forth. (Names and addresses are listed, but not prices.) Edited by individuals and professional associations in ten countries concerned with the improvement of industrial art, these albums, like the work represented, are truly a fruit of international collaboration. The language of vision is a ready-made esperanto, a lingua-franca of supreme universality. What better than a chair reveals the common needs and anatomies of humanity, and (for better or for worse) the growing uniformity of man's posture? What is more immediately communicative, and yet more lyrical and personal, than the high-pitched song of fine thin glass, the lure of its translucent depths, or the sensitive handwriting of the potter whose porcelain has something of the temperate finality of Hellenic sculpture?

These are but a few of the riches presented in these volumes. There are some seventeen flatware designs echoing one another in a way that makes the beholder peculiarly sensitive to the refinements of each. There are some twenty radio and phonograph designs, obviously chosen from many hundreds. In "New Furniture" there are seven stools and some 120 chairs subdivided by type and materials. And so on down the line. A few select interiors grace this collection of noble or (and this is saying a great deal) innocuous objects.

Yet how many designs such as these are in use in the homes of middle-income Americans like you and me? One wonders whether at the banquet of modern design the abundant and varied fare does not tax some guests' digestion, while others go away empty. Some cannot even read the menu, many just can't afford the prices. Good modern, though not more costly than good furniture in general, lacks the price advantage that its pioneers hoped rational design and mass production would give it. Concise construction and stress on the beauty of materials themselves actually allow the manufacturer to cut few corners. As for quantity production, the manufacturer who is not assured of a stable demand even for a modern classic becomes a printer of limited editions; whereas what we need right now are paperbacks. Alvin Lustig pinpoints this unhealthiness in "New Furniture"

> . . . the vast army of publicists, merchandisers, editors, and taste-makers . . . have sensed the vitality and potential growth of "modern" . . . Whereas before the enemy was usually the unbeliever, now he is the superficial devotee either as a designer, producer, or consumer, who by his unquestioning acceptance of a few shibboleths makes possible a great wave of mediocrity in the name of design. Attitudes that are entirely alien to the movement, such as the pressures of fashion with its constant need of the new, force many to think of "this season's" furniture and attempt to create artificially changes of style that are meaningless . . . It is never too long before a more shabbily made and cheaper copy will follow an original design. The household and furnishing magazines . . . although they recognize the vitality of the modern movement . . . usually have only the vaguest notions of the principles involved and urged on by the demand for some-



—From "Idea 54" (left) and "New Furniture" (right).

Eva Zeisel's American stemware and H. Ström's Swedish chairs—"What better than a chair reveals the common needs and anatomies of humanity? . . . What is more immediately communicative, and yet more typical and personal, than the high-pitched song of fine thin glass, or the sensitive handwriting of the potter whose porcelain has something of the temperate finality of Hellenic sculpture?"

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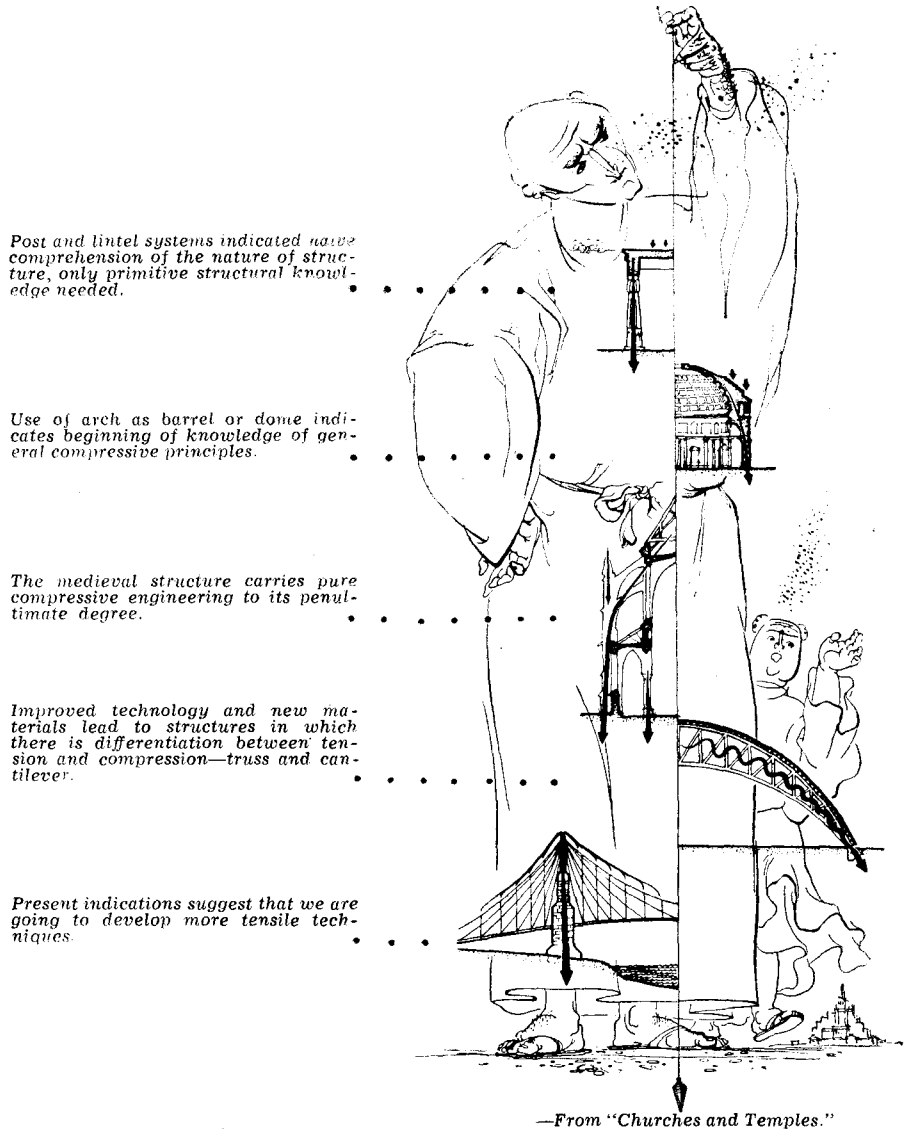
thing new in each issue make some of the most curious contortions to satisfy their advertisers and reader audience.

I DO not mean by this that I wish our furniture would be reduced to the uniformity of the typewriters and irons, which (when not outrageously overdesigned) converge to a few viable norms like approximations of π, or the mousetraps of several mousetrap manufacturers. Given the changing needs and circumstances of man, there will, in reality, be no "chair to end all chairs," (even though the designer should keep this shining ideal in mind) any more than there will be an "art to end art." There will only be choice, relative to time, place, and purpose. There most emphatically do exist classics of modern design that seem already to have caught a spark of eternity: in the process of comparison they, like all masterpieces, will sooner or later emerge and triumph.

Design—like publishing—lies on the borderland between art and industry. That is why the answers fall beyond the immediate control of the artist. To produce interiors of requisite refinement at low cost, it may be necessary to keep the typewriter and the electric iron in mind: their cheapness is a function of their wide acceptance. Perhaps, as in the appliance field, improved distribution methods (mail order? the discount house?) will help, as will packaging (demountable furniture?). But, in a world of consumer choice, is the retailer—like his cousin, the bookseller—to be regarded as a social parasite? Don't we need more showrooms, more bookstores, rather than fewer? One further thing, at least, can be agreed on: customs barriers must be dropped to insure the free flow of goods and ideas.

But all these measures are substitutes for enlightened public opinion. As for most problems of our day, nothing is impossible when enough people care enough to do something about it.

The Idea-New Design Series, quite apart from their value as reference books for specialists, should interest anyone who desires furniture that stands on its own legs, not on those of furniture-fashion. Not to mention the lady editor of a woman's magazine, cited by Lustig, who, though her acquaintance with the modern movement is very recent, "took it upon herself to divide the movement into 'good' and 'bad' or 'American' and 'foreign' and with inquisitorial fury lashed out, damning most of the practitioners of contemporary architecture whose ideas, developed over the last thirty years, have formed the very base of its growth."


Post and lintel systems indicated naive comprehension of the nature of structure, only primitive structural knowledge needed.
Use of arch as barrel or dome indicates beginning of knowledge of general compressive principles.
The medieval structure carries pure compressive engineering to its penultimate degree.
Improved technology and new materials lead to structures in which there is differentiation between tension and compression—truss and cantilever.
Present indications suggest that we are going to develop more tensile techniques.

—From "Churches and Temples."

THE NEW LOOK IN CHURCHES: Although some architects have been keenly aware of their own sins of eclecticism, revivalism, and picturesqueness since before the turn of the century, it is only relatively recently that such refuge and retreat into antiquarianism has bothered the conscience of the clergy and their lay building committees. What they and their architects have courageously done about it is handsomely shown in hundreds of illustrations in **"Churches and Temples,"** by Paul Thiry, Richard M. Bennett, and Henry L. Kamphoefner (Reinhold, $18). The architect-authors examine Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish houses of worship from the earliest times to discover how they have met the needs of man in a changing society. In the United States today, for example, social necessities at least equal liturgical requirements as considerations in planning a church. Moreover, the advantages of revised building techniques and new material must be considered because of the very large role played by the changing economy.

Another book that faces similar problems and finds much the same solutions is **"An American Synagogue for Today and Tomorrow"** (Union of American Hebrew Congregations, New York, $10). Under the very able editorship of Peter Blake, a panel of architects, rabbis, musicians, and other special consultants have pooled their talents and knowledge. Fortunately, as both books point out, there has never been a traditional synagogue style to hamper its adaptability to change. Except for that and the differing requirements of ritual, the factors that affect synagogue construction apply also to churches which should make Blake's book useful to Protestants and Catholics as well. It has an additional merit in that it offers extensive advice and information on finances, heating, lighting, etc., by experts.

—L. R. SANDER.

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The Decline and Fall of Existentialism

LITTLE more than five years ago some philosophical ideas called Existentialism had a fashionable currency in Europe, especially in Paris. These ideas were extolled or examined in countless discussions and in a remarkable number of books and articles or essays. But Existentialism has long since ceased to be the intellectual vogue. Indeed, the easiest way to appear dated in Europe is to offer Existentialism as one's philosophical credentials.

Why such a short life? What was there about Existentialism that should have caused it not only to burgeon so rapidly but to deplete itself in less than a decade?

The cause of Existentialism's failure is to be found, we believe, in the nihilist turn it took. The human personality is not nihilist. Perhaps under certain circumstances and for limited periods man may make a virtue of defeatism, but over the long range his equilibrium will assert itself and he will hunger for inspiration and positive values.

Existentialism believed that man's long-range ideas are predominantly shaped by the fact that the world is not only unpredictable but unfriendly. It regarded man's triumphs as tentative and hypothetical; his ultimate doom as palpable and certain. And since man had no way of controlling a basically hostile environment—just as he had no way of unraveling the ultimate mystery of existence itself—Existentialism held that man is justified in catering to his own will. He owes no debt to anyone for the fact of his existence; therefore, said Existentialism, he has all rights to it and over it. Nor does man have any obligation to society for the nature of his pleasures, which he takes or contrives as he can. He fends off the hostile world with his wits.

As a philosophy, Existentialism was primarily cynical, for it scorned human identification and mutuality. But it suited the mood of a confused, sick, and dispirited people at the end of the war, especially in France, where the history of the war years was one of defeatism, intellectual fatigue, emotional and moral corrosion.

The general interpretation of Jean-Paul Sartre's ideas gave Existentialism a more negative turn than was implicit in his own presentation of it—or in the earlier writings of Heidegger or Kierkegaard. Some aspects of Existentialism, in fact, were not totally lacking in moral or affirmative content. Sartre rejected the things or the ideas that tried to organize man and control him. In this sense, Existentialism has been described as "a reaction of the philosophy of man against the excesses of the philosophy of ideas and the philosophy of things." This emphasis on the individual certainly indicates moral concern. In fact, a certain relationship exists between the possible moral implications of Existentialism and some aspects of Schelling and even Kant. Indeed, some defenders of Existentialism invoked Socrates's deathbed discourse as a sort of moral description of their own position. ("I do not know what lies in the beyond, but I go forward with courage and hope, and I shall find out in good time.") But Socrates was hardly an Existentialist. He was no stranger to affirmation. He was not depressed by the unknowable.

Although man the individual is not minimized in Existentialism, man the species lacks purpose or meaning. For the Existentialist, it is not enough that man occupies the center of the stage; nor is it enough that the individual is of primary concern. The Existentialist *is* that individual. His primary concern is about *himself*. His commitments are pointed inward. His aspirations do not extend beyond his own lifetime and frequently not beyond himself; therefore he is detached from the larger body of which he is part. He is preoccupied with the inevitability of personal death and recognizes no aspect of connection. He is therefore non-responsible for the effects of his actions that may live after him. He is ego-centered rather than spirit-centered.

WHAT Existentialism failed to take into account, perhaps, was that the moment man becomes separated from his larger self or the human totality, he tends to deny the moral content in human affairs. The concept of justice becomes inverted; *i.e.*, he regards justice in largely subjective terms, whereas justice in order to become manifest must have a form and substance of its own which are absolute and eternal and which hold meaning for the individual precisely because it is independent of him though it has access to him and to his malefactor.

The individual is the ultimate cause but that cause is defeated if the individual proclaims it for himself. It is the difference between saying "I am as good as you are" and "You are as good as I am." The former statement leads to a breakdown of affirmative and social values. The latter statement prepares the ground for towers of purpose and achievement. Thus Existentialism denied the identification and mutuality which make true justice possible. The sanction Existentialism gave each man ultimately was the sanction of a private jungle.

Existentialism was not a unified philosophy. It was a mixture in which the largest element was negation—whatever the original emphasis might have been. It became hostile to the human potential. It killed purpose. It was cold, impersonal. It was inevitable that Existentialism should slide out of man's minds. The future is difficult enough without depriving man of his will to endure, to sustain and be sustained.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE MIRROR-IMAGE

I FEEL OBLIGATED to Peter Viereck for his invaluable analogy of the mirror-image ["Sunrise in the West," *SR* June 12]. Most of us who have seen this principle at work, both in ourselves and others, must feel indebted for so brilliant a formulation of something we had only gropingly sensed.

But what Mr. Viereck gives with one hand he takes away with the other. For example, his failure to mention France's reasons to dread Communism, on the basis of experience and what history has done to her emotionally, seems disingenuous. "Americans," he points out, "have never been invaded by Germany, but they have suffered death and torture from Communists in Korea. France has not been invaded by Russia, its traditional ally against Germany, since 1815 but has been three times invaded by Germany in the last century and has been brutally occupied by Nazi Germans and Fascist Italians." But has not France, in Indochina, known at least as much of "death and torture from Communists" as America has experienced in Korea? This shared knowledge by no means destroys Mr. Viereck's point that the difference between American and European assessments of the relative dangers from Fascism and Communism springs from the dissimilarity of their experiences, but it does suggest that America might do well to pay a little more attention to France than Mr. Viereck recommends.

And there's another point. If the "notion of 'choosing a lesser evil' between 'right and left despotisms' " is "mischievous," what of the exhortation to look upon the danger from the left as greater than the danger from the right—this to a people who have been doing precisely that since long before Bill Mauldin's cartoon of a citizen, hair-on-end over his newspaper's Communist-threat headline while blissfully oblivious of the serpent of native Fascism poised over his shoulder?

PHYLLIS CORNELL.

Westport, Conn.

SANE AND STIMULATING ANALYSIS

PETER VIERECK'S ARTICLE IS certainly a sound and sane and stimulating analysis of present European-American relations. Beneath it all lies the plea for greater tolerance, something that has all but disappeared from public life.

ROBERT S. COX.

Dubois, Wyo.

"THE WORLD'S FOOD"

IT IS REGRETTABLE THAT M. K. Bennett's "The World's Food" should be damned with the faint praise of "it is a valuable contribution, if read with discrimination," after a vigorously unfavorable review by William Vogt [*SR* March 13]. The author warns the reader early in the volume: "Above all one must avoid the intellectual trap into which Malthus fell: that of

often forgetting that man is unlike animals and insects in that he produces food for himself by his own efforts, and is not merely a gatherer of what nature puts before him."

To be sure, Dr. Bennett writes as an economist, but he writes as a conscientious, careful, and scholarly economist. Where physical and cultural factors are pertinent to his discussion he takes them into consideration in arriving at sound conclusions. Unlike the reviewer of his book, he does not claim, even by implication, to understand the "climatic, edaphic, topographic, demographic, and cultural" intricacies of the world's food problem. He has been successful in bringing the problem from cloudland to earth, and in clearing off a place where he can come to grips with realities.

It is difficult to see how the statement can be made that Dr. Bennett leans too heavily on statistics. Indeed, he is able to pull the weak props from under many shaky statistical structures.

Dr. Bennett believes that it is reasonable to contemplate, as an event which *possibly* may be witnessed between 1953 and 2000, rising consumption levels everywhere, including improved economic composition of diets, "to the extent that impacts of war can be minimized and tendencies toward economic autarky weakened." Activity on a wide front is suggested: "encouragement of innovation, of domestic capital accumulation and investment and inflow of capital from abroad, of education including access to information about birth control along with access to information about death control and about agricultural and industrial techniques." Dr. Bennett warns against identifying "a single bottleneck to economic advancement," as in the oversimplified "cut the birth rate or starve." If war and economic autarky are not inevitable, economic progress lies within general grasp. It remains to be seen how generally the nations will choose to grasp it. It is unfortunate that in some quarters it has come to be considered Utopian merely to *hope* that human beings will become increasingly more rational and cooperative.

This is a thoughtful, reasoned piece of research, recommended to all those who believe in and work toward the cultural improvement and economic betterment of mankind.

RAYMOND E. CRIST.

Gainesville, Fla.

"A MUNICIPAL REPORT"

IT IS A SHOCK to find that the reading of O. Henry is so neglected that neither editor nor professor should question Gilbert Seldes's statement [TV AND RADIO, *SR* June 19] that "A Municipal Report" is a story of Richmond.

RUSSELL A. SHARP.

St. Louis, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Apologies. It is a story of Nashville, Tennessee.*

"A KISS FOR THE BRIDE"

DO ANY OF YOUR READERS know whether or not Walt Whitman's poem "A Kiss for the Bride," which he wrote at the marriage of Nellie Grant (Mrs. Sartoris) in 1874, is included in any of his "Collected Works"? I have just found an old clipping of it and I don't believe it has ever been printed in his "Works."

JOHN G. MOORE.

Pasadena, Calif.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Playwright As Believer

PAUL GREEN is certainly one of America's outstanding playwrights. Like Thornton Wilder and Arnold Sundgaard, his reach is wide and his message affirmative. This affirmation is the overriding feature of the man despite the fact that his Broadway reputation is based largely on plays that seem bitterly critical of our society. While Mr. Green was for a period closely associated with the Group Theatre, an organization that managed to make many of its productions into a cue for mass political action, his Carolina common sense kept him from any blind embracing of political doctrines where only the fulfilments of the group justified the behavior of the individual. For the key to his political thinking lay in the concept of the individual as a unit of absolute and prime value in himself, a concept inherited from American history. Yet his individualism did not twist itself into a cynicism about politics. Instead it led him into a political religion based on democracy, freedom of speech, of thought, of education, of opportunity, of religion, and the right of revolution. This religion has given his work a dimension that is lacking in the otherwise powerful and searching plays of writers like Lillian Hellman and Clifford Odets, who seem to believe in the same ideals but find modern man incapable of living up to them.

For a refutation of the latters' arguments and as an antidote to a book like Louis Kronenberger's "Company Manners," there is perhaps nothing better than **"Dramatic Heritage"** (Samuel French, $2.50). In this collection of essays Mr. Green writes about a variety of subjects that will interest theatre lovers. These include an interview with Bernard Shaw in which the famous playwright discusses the genius of Sean O'Casey, inveighs against the critics for not realizing that "Heartbreak House" is his greatest play, and postulates the theory that "there are only two great principles in man—his mystic nature and his common sense. When in his theories or his practices he deviates too far from either, he wanders in confusion and darkness and is lost"; another with Paul Claudel in which the French statesman-playwright calls Mahatma Gandhi a failure, admires Walt Whitman, and gives thanks for the tyranny of Stalin because it is the means of European unification; an essay on the nature of tragedy, which Mr. Green defines in this simple way, "If the struggler fails or pays too big a price for what he gains we have what we call tragedy. If he wins without too great struggle we have less tragedy and so on. If the struggle is one of seem-so, and therefore incongruous, we have comedy." He adds: "For me the highest subject matter of tragic drama is the struggle of man to reach, to discover, the self within him as an abiding reality. And that reality will the more be discovered in him by his struggle to make the right prevail—to oppose evil." Finally, there is an excellent description of the Japanese Kabuki theatre, which he finds the finest produced and acted of any theatre in the world.

"Dramatic Heritage" offers many clues to Paul Green's own nature and the credos which have made him less of a Broadway success than his talents should have entitled him to. For he begins by frankly acknowledging the impossibility of the Broadway situation for a serious dramatist. Says Mr. Green about his typical colleague: "He is forever finagling for a sure-fire success. He cannot afford to experiment. Between the real estate and union demands the poor shivering author is stymied, and the play he poured his life's blood into is left to be eaten up by termites or silverfish or whatever it is that feeds on manuscripts."

Instead he prefers "a theatre in which plays are written, acted, and produced for and by the people—for their enjoyment and enrichment and not for any special and prime profiteer motive." And to give his critics pause Paul Green could if he wished point to some of his own symphonic dramas like "The Lost Colony" and "The Common Glory," which through the years have attracted larger audiences than many a Broadway hit.

The "symphonic drama" originated more than twenty years ago with "Roll Sweet Chariot," and can be roughly defined as a play with a large number of characters which is constructed like a symphony. "The whole body of the work must be propelled forward by means of the individual instrumentations which come forward to personal fulfilment, return, and give place to others . . . all to be sternly controlled by the architectonic power of the story line."

But just as Mr. Green's playwrighting is large in scope, so does "Dramatic Heritage" encompass more than the stage. The playwright-philosopher strongly believes in the theatre as a means of spreading the religion of American democracy. He is against the decadence of Sartre, the materialism of the advertising world's "gadget way of salvation," the practicality of our political leaders who instead of being guided by an ethical code of right and wrong pronounce only "on whether a thing is practical or impractical, diplomatic or undiplomatic, pro-Communist or anti-Communist." He detests also our "crazy" penalizing of a man in the privileges of citizenship because "he happens to be more sunburned than those in power." This last, he adds, is shaking the Asians' confidence in our democracy. He urges that our politicians give us "an idealism worthy of our wants" and that we fight bad ideas "not by passing bad laws but by producing better ideas."

DESPITE his well-informed assessment of the American position, he is nevertheless violently optimistic. As he states it, "I have a sort of abdominal philosophy, an inner witness as it were, that testifies even in the small hours that the course of man is upward not downward. And even if it were not true, it ought to be, the ought being the main thing for us."

"Dramatic Heritage" is an "ought" book, and therefore seems not as colorful, as fashionable, or as biting as the kind that stands closer to its targets. At moments, indeed, it has a mushy religious quality that brings it perilously close to being an evangelist tract. One wishes that Mr. Green would outline solutions for the problems he seems so sure will be solved.

But he sings his hymns with dogged fervor, commanding our attention and respect. This same attention and respect is also urged for his three one-act plays which open this week at Greenwich Village's Theatre de Lys. They are "Supper for the Dead," "The No 'Count Boy" (new version), and "Chair Endowed." They will be performed by a cast headed by Frederick O'Neal, and grouped under the title "Salvation on a String." If the plays correspond with the views expressed in "Dramatic Heritage," the "string" will be good strong twine.

—HENRY HEWES.

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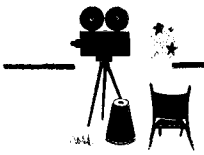

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Mark Twain with a British Accent

—From "Man With a Million."

Gregory Peck and Jane Griffiths—". . . fun bubble[s] through the Victorian trappings."

THAT rare and remarkable quality of complete accord, of deft interplay not merely between the actors but between the entire production team on a film, is again visible in a delicious comedy from England, **"Man With a Million"** (United Artists). Since movies are generally sold on name values, the ads for this picture will probably make much of the fact that it stars Gregory Peck in his first comedy role and that Mark Twain was responsible for the story. Well, Peck reveals unsuspected comic gifts as a penniless Yank stranded in London who becomes involved in a fabulous wager, and Mark Twain's "Million Pound Note" provides a substantial springboard for the comic complications that ensue. But Peck's supporting cast includes such seasoned and delightful performers as Wilfred Hyde White, Ronald Squire, A. E. Matthews, and the inimitable Joyce Grenfell, while Twain's story has been extended and elaborated by the veteran British scriptwriter, Jill Craigie, with a keen appreciation of the intrinsic humor of the situation and just how far a point can be pushed. Indeed, the film derives its basic strength, grace, and richness from the knowledgeable craftsmanship lavished upon every phase of its production—William Alwyn's jaunty score, the handsome period settings and costumes, the plushy Technicolor photography, the sharply etched characterizations of even the most minor players. Its humor, its fun bubble through the Victorian trappings and conventions, dependent upon their solidity for the full thrust of the story's impish unconventionality.

From the very outset the film makes it quite clear that we are being told an ironic fable. "Once upon a time," the commentary begins, "when England was rich . . ." Shortly after the turn of the century, it seems, the Bank of England issued several million-pound notes, one of which went to two exceedingly rich and eccentric brothers. Between them they make a bet that simple possession of the note would be enough to insure the future of whomever held it, even if he never cashed it. To prove their point they turn the bill over to an impoverished passer-by, Gregory Peck, with the instructions to return it in a month's time and claim his reward. Peck discovers at once, to his pleasant amazement, that the finest restaurants, tailors, and hotels—even the finest homes—are open to him. An occasional flash

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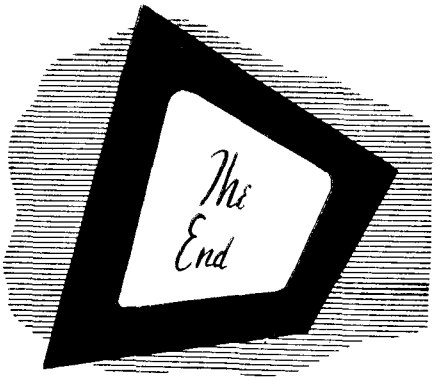
of the note is sufficient to establish his credit. He can make stocks rise at the mere mention of his interest in them. And, of course, he promptly becomes England's most eligible bachelor.

It was at about this point that Mark Twain pulled out; Miss Craigie's script goes on to suggest the debacle when the impecunious, splenetic Duke of Frognal (A. E. Matthews), infuriated by the deference paid the "young upstart," purloins the note. If anything, this dramatic reversal of the field makes Twain's humor the more trenchant—especially since, in an outburst of honesty, Peck has confessed the truth to charming Jane Griffiths, who persists in believing that he is meanly testing her love. In any case, the climactic assault of outraged creditors, fearful stockholders, and indignant dowagers upon the beleaguered man (amidst shouts of "Avenge the Women!") is high comedy shot through with some astoundingly acid observations on human nature. Chances are, these additions would have tickled Twain himself.

As directed by Ronald Neame (who also directed Alec Guinness in "The Promoter"), all of this flows with style



and fluency. Formerly a cameraman, Neame works with a keen awareness of how the camera can build a sequence. The restaurant scene, for example, in which Peck must wait until two o'clock before he can open the envelope containing his unwieldy fortune, is constructed from innumerable bits and pieces—Peck prolonging a meal, the envelope, the impatient waiter, the curious diners, the clock, the increasingly suspicious proprietor, and once again the envelope—until the hero's agony of suspense is fully shared by the audience. The sequence a few moments later, when a frisky wind sweeps the note from between the fingers of the still incredulous Peck, sending it skittering high over a fence into a baby's pram and finally whirling about among the scattered leaflets of an evangelist, emerges almost like a ballet—the humorous kind of ballet that René Clair used to bring off so gracefully. "Man With a Million" is crammed with such delights, the product of skilled and sensitive craftsmen launched on a picture that they seem thoroughly to have enjoyed making.

* * *

So many bad movies have turned up on television that it is decidedly refreshing to find what was first a good television show now playing in the theatres. NBC-TV spent prodigious amounts of time and effort putting together the twenty-six chapters of its "Victory at Sea"; in preparing the new screen version of **"Victory at Sea"** producer-historian Henry Salomon and his talented staff have been no less painstaking, culling from those thirteen hours the ninety minutes or so that were both the historic and visual highlights of their grim history of World War II.

Although devotees of the TV series will recall such relatively land-locked episodes as the Malta story, Guadalcanal, and the Normandy invasion, the editors of the movie version seem to have thrown even more emphasis upon land warfare—a fact that questions less the historical accuracy of this presentation than the accuracy of its title. Actually, a good deal of the land footage is already fairly familiar. We have seen it before, either in the combat reports once issued regularly by the Office of War Information or, more recently, as stock footage cut into Hollywood's war epics. What is new—and tremendously exciting—is the integration of footage from both Allied and Axis sources that makes it possible for us now to follow a threatened convoy both from our own ships and through the periscopes of the German wolf-pack at their heels, or watch a Kamikaze attack almost simultaneously from the flight deck of a doomed carrier and the gunsights of the suicide planes closing in for the kill.

Out of thousands of such fragments the ugly face and feel of war have been vividly reconstructed. The narration, gravely read by Alexander Scourby, is a model of factual, unsentimentalized prose; the music, distilled from Richard Rodgers's score for the original series, is generally effective (though the reprised measures of "No Other Love," first introduced in "Victory at Sea," have by this time acquired so many extraneous connotations as to be downright intrusive). Less impressive than its TV incarnation, "Victory at Sea" is still a stirring and dramatic demonstration of the power of the film medium to mold raw fact into an artistic, meaningful, even memorable statement.

—Arthur Knight.

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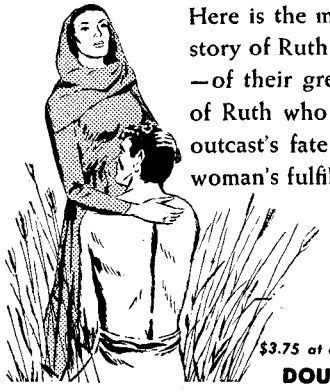

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By Carleton Drewry

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infinity
Look past where planets
mark
The solar realm of dark

Beyond the milky way's
Hub in our wheel of space.
There in time's wilderness,
there
Like wondering eyes stars
stare

As if questioning, as if thus
They, too, would ask of us
Why for one thing which
occurs
But once in this universe

None can affirm or refute
This negative absolute,
As if the self-asking sky
Were its own empty reply.

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TV AND RADIO

TV and The Hearings: Unfinished Business

ON THE last day of the Army-McCarthy hearings a Chicago dealer in television sets showed a lively and intelligent awareness of "the public interest" which more influential people in the industry might emulate. His is a corner store, so he had two independent windows; in one he placed a receiver tuned in to the hearings, in the other the receiver picked up a White Sox game. "Despite traces of pennant fever," as the *New York Herald Tribune* put it in its caption under a U.P. photo, there were only three viewers of the game—and a crowd of thirty-six jamming the sidewalk for the hearings.

This is not conclusive evidence, but it should disturb the complacency of those network officials who decided after the second day of the hearings that not enough people were watching to justify the expense.

I suspect that most of the other questions brought up by the telecasts will not be answered any more decisively than this one; but this does not mean that decisions and actions may not follow. Ray H. Jenkins, special counsel for the committee, has said that such an event as the televised hearings may never occur again, and thirty-six Senators are said to have signed a resolution to ban commercial sponsorship of hearings, while others simply want televising to be forbidden by law.

These reactions seem all to rise from a common source—the feeling that the hearings were significantly altered *because* they were televised. "What could and should have been done in ten or fifteen days took thirty-six," says Senator Bennett, of Utah. He asserts that "the demands . . . of the vast audience—often even referred to as the jury—forced participants to answer every innuendo. . . . Each day would seem to demand a new crisis . . . to reward the listening faithful. . . . The people have a right to know, but the people also have a right to preserve . . . the Senate as a public body of integrity, free from commercialization. . . ."

Actually the telecasts were sparsely sponsored even after the ban on commercial messages was altered. Senator Bennett accused the chairman and Senator McCarthy of boosting "The Caine Mutiny" and a cheese plant in the course of their remarks, but this is not what we mean by commercial television. (I missed the session at which these testimonials were given, so I cannot say whether they were "integrated" or not.) And whatever else the Senator says is true of all television, whether it is sponsored or not. If the existence of the audience is having an evil effect, we are up against an "agonizing reappraisal" of the democratic process; and I would sooner have Congress mend its manners than take away the right of the people to look upon their lawmakers.

Unless someone gets panicky, I think that the right to televise whatever is being otherwise reported will not be challenged from now on. I think, and hope, that the networks will exercise this right with due respect to their obligations under the FCC—obligations not merely to bureaucrats, but to audiences, to the public. And I think that the bad impression made at the beginning by the refusal of CBS to provide any substantial coverage unless you sat up to near midnight for it, followed by the withdrawal of NBC from the field, will be contrasted with the serious and enthusiastic praise given to ABC and Dumont, so that next time the managers of the business will use their intelligence and work out a reasonable pooling system. There seems to be no doubt that the two networks which stayed with the hearings are satisfied with their returns in prestige (at a cost to ABC, I estimate, of $250,000; the Dumont costs are not known).

I do not know whether anyone is making a study in depth of the effects of the broadcast. The simplest statistics are those which deal with McCarthy's popularity, but no one

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—IRWIN EDMAN

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can be sure that they reflect the consequences of television. The reported drop in his popularity (if verified) may have other, equally significant, causes. Historians may find the thirty-six days of the hearings as crucial in the life of the Republican Party as they seemed to be in the life of Roy Cohn; but they will have the advantage of time, which we do not.

IF McCarthy is in any way damaged by the hearings, we will have a remarkable counter-demonstration of the power of television, for there can be no doubt of his having dominated the proceedings visually as he did verbally. The camera, of necessity, flicked to his face whenever there was nothing else that had to be shown. He was the central figure as Stevens could not be, since Stevens was equating himself with the Army while McCarthy never pretended to be anything but a single champion. Minor characters may have gained because they have become familiar, but most nonprofessional observers I've talked to feel that the hearings went on too long and familiarity was beginning to breed boredom. Not one of the many people I know who followed the hearings thought that the television reporting was slanted or unfair; all of them singled out certain days as specially dramatic or particularly illuminating as to the way our Government really works.

The camera work, which is the essence of the coverage, was under the direction of Ed Scherer of the staff of WMAL-TV, the ABC affiliate in Washington, and it was a brilliant job. The little interviews between sessions were sometimes little indeed, but they were far above the quality of the radio "fills" which were incredibly tedious and often verged on the illiterate. The technical skill of the television crews struck me as being unobtrusive, which is exactly right. And on the fundamental point whether the cameras were to be used to do tricks, to call attention to trifles, to dramatize—on all these matters the principle evolved by WPIX during the Kefauver hearings was accepted: the cameras did nothing but show what was happening.

In my interim report a few weeks ago [*SR* May 29] I suggested that the networks should arrange for open discussion, on their own stations, of the obligations of the broadcasters in regard to such hearings as the one we have just experienced. I haven't heard of any such discussion. So the matter goes to Congress. But it will come back to us, the people, and I still think we should be heard—on the networks. —GILBERT SELDES.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Muse on the Mountain, and on Manhattan Island

THE whole concept of the muse descending from the mountain to bless mankind in his lowland miseries is being reversed these summer days, as men (and women) in increasing numbers move to the uplands for pleasure and profits. I don't suppose either Beethoven or Brahms heard of the Pocono Mountains, where the Tamiment Institute has, appropriately, instituted a chamber-music festival in the last year or two (any more than they would have heard of the Berkshires, where Tanglewood abides, or the Rockies, where Aspen flourishes). But John A. Riley has, and, accordingly, the world may soon hear of him.

As chamber music is valued these days, the thirtyish Riley was honestly entitled to the $500 awarded to him as prizewinner in a competition sponsored by the Tamiment Institute which attracted more than 100 scores. A native of Altoona, Pennsylvania, and more recently identified with New Haven, Connecticut, where he has been living after training at the Eastman School, war service, and foreign study with Honegger, Riley has written a quartet with considerable substance and a keen sense of musical organization.

The movements diminish in effect from one to three, which is not good, but this is in respect to a striving for individuality without modernistic conformity, which *is* good. The score was presented in excellent order and to practically model tonal advantage by the Curtis String Quartet, the "house" ensemble for this series. Assuming there are quartets which will accept a work on merit rather than because it belongs to a fashionable cult of the moment, Riley's should be heard, and with pleasure, elsewhere.

As music festivals rate in seniority, Tamiment's is a baby one, but with some interesting attributes for future attention. Chief among these is the desire of its sponsors that it relate largely to chamber music, with this year's repertory embracing quartets of Haydn, Mendelssohn, Mozart, and Schubert, plus two of Beethoven, the piano quartet of Fauré, the clarinet quintet of Brahms, and the piano quintet of Dohnányi. This accounted for four of the programs: a fifth, offering works of Respighi, Arensky, and Bloch, was played by the New Chamber Orchestra of Philadelphia under the direction of Ifor Jones. Guido Mercoli was the excellent clarinetist for the Brahms, Vladimir Sokoloff and Martha Massena the pianists.

An engaging aspect of the whole venture is that privilege of attendance costs no more than that involved in the enjoyment of Tamiment's spacious lawns and fields, lake and forest. That is to say, it is all part of a basic charge for a week-end at one of the best-equipped resorts of the kind in this part of the world.

FOR all their notion of themselves as persons advanced beyond citizens in other, outland, areas, New Yorkers accept many things that must seem like nightmares to others more objective. The subways. The traffic. The noise. And, if you want to deal with an esthetic subject, the Stadium.

Annually editorials are published describing the public service performed at this large and certainly ugly amphitheatre on Convent Avenue and 135th Street. To one side are the far from pretty buildings of City College. On the other, a group of prosaic apartment houses. The "new" stage is more functional but also more of an eyesore than any in the past, particularly when the sad-sack curtain of nondescript brown flaps in the breeze. Underfoot, some sort of crunchy gravel has been spread on the soft dirt, so that everyone seems to be wearing new shoes. Overhead, planes pass at predictable intervals every two to ten minutes, in and out of Idlewild and La Guardia, two of the busiest landing fields in the world.

But the music, you say. Surely that makes up for a lot. I'd love to say that it does, but candor compels the conclusion that you'd get as much pleasure, and much less irritation, at home with a hi-fi record. The opening concert directed by Sir Adrian Boult gave us a Beethoven list of the "Leonore No. 3" Overture, the Seventh Symphony, and the Third Piano Concerto, with Rudolf Firkusny as soloist. It was businesslike, all right, and professional, but Boult's reputation argued the probability of something more. Obviously, the hot night was not to his liking, a situation which could well have resulted in dire consequences either to his collar or to Beethoven. At the end of the symphony the collar appeared intact—which was not good news for devotees of the Seventh.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Ti and Symphony

HANA, MAUI, HAWAII.

WHAT I like about Hawaii is that there is a new and different world waiting always on the adjoining island. I have not run out of islands yet, for I have been approaching the whole archipelago like a kid with a lollipop, nursing it along lest it all be finished too soon. There has been word of Oahu and Honolulu in this space last week and also in *SR* Dec. 20, 1952; and Hawaii, the Big Island, was the subject of discourse in *SR* Mar. 3, 1953.

After buzzing from Broadway to Waikiki in seventeen hours the other day in United Airlines' test of our strength and endurance, and their new DC-7, and pausing in Honolulu long enough to languish on a *lanai*, and get lubricated at a *luau*, I zoomed over to Maui, the Valley Isle, one hour away. We flew in a Hawaiian Airlines DC-3, and it was the only trip I can recall during which a lovely brown maiden performed a hula in the aisle of the cabin to entertain the passengers. If it had happened before I would have remembered it.

Once on the ground at Maui we stepped through a giant *lei* of yellow alamanders that grow along the side of the roads here in the Valley Isle just because they're happy. There were girls to dance on the airport apron as they had danced to welcome other arrivals at the edge of the rocky Hana harbor years before, rattling a pair of loose lava stones in their hands to keep the hula beat. And also they shook their *uli-ulis*, which are maracas decorated with a great sunburst of feathers. The pebbles that scratch inside the gourds breathe a Latin air into the Polynesian dances and recall the days when Mexicans were imported to this island to teach ranching and horseback riding. As for the feathers, they are a Maui specialty, and most of all they are used to make feathered *leis* for hatbands, a bit of frippery that will cost anywhere from $15 to $250 per band.

In addition to all this, the Valley Isle also houses the world's largest dormant volcano. The last eruption was in 1675 and that is pretty dormant, even though you might have trouble convincing a Pompeiian. The Hawaiians call the volcano Haleakala, which means House of the Rising Sun. The brim is 10,032 feet high and twenty-one miles around, a distance that can be covered on muleback by those possessed of adventuresome spirit and cast-iron *derrières*. Moreover, it is a 3,000-odd foot drop to the floor inside the crater, forming what has been described, I suspect by the Hawaiian Visitors Bureau, as the World's Largest Bowl of Sunshine and Silence.

To be sure it is as quiet as a bowl of Rice Krispies after two days in the milk, and if it is solitude you seek there are cabins to rent down in the basement of the House of the Rising Sun. I don't know what you do for company down there, but for decoration there are silver sword blooms, which look like giant water lilies that have been dipped in lead. They grow no other place in the world.

On the other hand, if you should prefer a more regulation brand of hotel, at least one that is above ground and reasonably distant from a tinder box, however somnolent, there are two called the Wailuku and the Grand, which are within handy reach of Kahului Airport, a stretch of asphalt that can take a Convair. Hana Airport, to the east, will accommodate DC-3's. It serves the great eastern end of the island dominated by the bulk of Haleakala.

One of the most luxurious layouts in all the Pacific is the Hotel Hana Maui, which reposes in a 15,000-acre ranch owned by the West Coast financier Paul Fagan. Mr. Fagan, who once owned the San Francisco Seals baseball team, and indeed had them out to Hana for spring training, bought the ranch in 1944 when it was a plantation covered with sugar cane. He had the cane hacked down. The fields became rolling sweeps of grass. The white tasseled sugar introduced from Tahiti became bushes of gardenia, White Spider lilies, Birds' Nest ferns, and Be-Still trees. The walk along the fringe of the pitch-and-putt course to the dining room is lined with plumeria blossoms. Down at the pavilion, alongside the pool, green bananas grow overhead, red ginger and *ti* leaves rustle in the breezes. The path uphill is lined with *kukui* trees, which bear a bulbous black nut that produces an oil once used to fire Hawaiian *kahili* torches. But the nuts also have a severe laxative effect, and once Fagan brought in a flock of ostriches which discovered the *kukui* trees laden with nuts. They pecked away at the branches, and the next day every ostrich had flown from Hana never to be heard from again.

Guests at the Hana Maui can swim

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from the black sand beach at Hana Bay or up the line at Hamoa Beach, which is part black sand and part white and so is called pepper-and-salt. There are seventy riding horses on hand and there are *paniolos*, which are cowboys, to take you exploring down by the old Buddhist church, up to the bamboo forest, down to the ancient Japanese cemetery, past the *lauhala* trees and the breadfruit to the cliffs looking out to sea.

From the front door at the Hana Maui the slopes of Haleakala begin abruptly, covered with green brush and some of the 4,000 head of Herefords which Fagan brought in. They stand with their brown bodies rich and fat and still, and their faces so white you'd think they had glanced cross the road at the bill of a departing guest ($18 a day per person double occupancy, food included. No tours, no groups. Other suites up to $46 a day per person).

It is the shortest of walks down to Hana Bay. Here, in a cave at the bottom of Kauwiki Hill, Kaahumanu was born, later to become the wife of King Kamehameha, now the symbol of Hawaii's imperial heritage. But long before Kamehameha became king he watched from a promontory near Hana harbor and saw the "floating islands" come in towards shore, filled with white gods. He paddled out from here with taro and pigs and fruits for the chief god, Captain James Cook of the British Navy.

Forty years later the first New England missionaries arrived at Hana and promptly hid the beauty of the Polynesians under the noncommittal yardage of Mother Hubbards—which the islanders called *muumuus* and still do. Ten years after that the Hana Store was started. It is still standing, a five-minute walk from the luxurious acreage of the Hana Maui, where a staff of 100 waits on a guest list of eighty. A sign outside advertises wares for *malihinis*, which means newcomers, and *kamaainas*, who are residents. For the visitor there are *aloha* shirts, *muumuus*, *holokus*, and "girl's jeans." For residents there is lumber, fresh milk, tobacco, pork, and poultry. There is also an unadvertised line of ginger roots, packaged bean sprouts, Kona coffee from the Big Island at $1.49 a pound, shoyu sauce in gallon jugs, Japanese fish cakes, and —in case you're giving a cocktail party—seasoned octopus in cans.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Traveler's Tale

TAHITIAN BAEDEKER: There are no tourist guides to Tahiti. When David Huntington, his wife, Fritzi, and their eleven-year-old son, Tod, decided to make an extended visit to the famed island they could find no reliable information on such practical concerns as the "availability of doctors, housing, and toothpaste." Books were no help, Mr. Huntington found. Those that were available struck him as "saccharine-drenched fantasies."

Obviously, Mr. Huntington, in **"Tahitian Holiday"** (Holt, $4.95), is out to rescue others from such frustration, and he has succeeded admirably. This book gives, as no other I am familiar with does, the answers to what life is like in Tahiti, as well as a highly amusing picture of the zany complications the foreign householder has to wrestle with in procuring his daily breadfruit.

The Huntingtons did what most tourists do (and a majority of the natives, for that matter), which is to explore and revel in the island's beauty; to go swimming, fishing, shrimping, and canoeing. They were there long enough to examine the foreign colony in some detail, to form firm bonds of friendship with their household staff and neighbors, and to be almost persuaded to make Tahiti their permanent home.

"Tahitian Holiday" is a thoughtful book, written with integrity and humor. It is these qualities that set it apart from the usual island personal-experience chronicle built around the irresistible white man (author) and luscious brown-skinned charmer (Papeete B-girl). If some of Mr. Huntington's conclusions seem a bit premature—well, as he says, Tahiti is not so much a place as a state of mind. And who can quarrel with another's state of mind?

The book contains some excellent photographs, ship and airline information, a glossary, and several Polynesian recipes. —JAMES MCCONNAUGHEY.

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE HOLLOW MAN *John Roeburt* (S&S: $2.50)	Plethora of NY peepers seek vanished Tiger Man, noted ex-pug.	Knobby writing fails to ease following of involved plot.	Different, but what of it
THE MASK OF GLASS *Holly Roth* (Vanguard: $2.50)	CIC lad, knocked about in NY sortie, looks into base plot, exposes same.	Formula job, with characters made to fit; not up to her first.	Medium
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL *Seldon Truss* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Painting genius flees British nuthouse; murder ensues, Yard jumps in.	Jolly, nicely handled, with plausible personnel.	Spirited
DEATH CUES THE PAGEANT *Ed Ainsworth* (Arcadia: $2.50)	So. Cal. "Ramona" show blows fuse as two of cast perish.	Too many folks here; treatment orthodox but unexciting.	Primitive
DEATH AND THE GENTLE BULL *Richard and Frances Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Upstate NY beef tycooness squeezed out; Capt. Heimrich of state cops inquires.	Background unusual, authentic; characters all talk alike.	Not hard to take
CORK IN BOTTLE *Macdonald Hastings* (Knopf: $2.75)	British insurance tycoon pokes into odd doings in ancient hamlet, finds bodies.	Fisticuffs abound, fowling-pieces sound, in rustic melodrama.	Good, but first was better
THE FACE OF FEAR *Louise Eskrigge Crump* (Longmans: $3)	Suthern belles in tizzy as murder invades Miss. Delta; sheriff wakes up.	Story slight, but scenery good, blooms lovely, cast credible.	Placid and pleasant
TROUBLE COMES DOUBLE *Robert P. Hansen* (Mill-Morrow: $2.75)	Gunfire jolts So. Cal. shore town; cops, amateurs swing after killer.	Moves by fits and starts, but marine scenery is good; ladies present.	Grade-B toughie
AND DREAM OF EVIL *Tedd Momey* (Abelard-Schuman: $2.50)	Hero, handcuffed to slot-machine, meets trouble, corpses, beautiful gals.	Race between blood and sex close but unconvincing.	Leave it lay
FREE ARE THE DEAD *Stuart Friedman* (Abelard-Schuman: $2.50)	Paroled con comes home to find meal in oven, wife on lam, corpse in closet.	Contrived plot involves made-to-order characters.	Overdone
HAWK WATCH *Brandon Bird* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	Press photog. in W. Va. mountains finds feathered fury, human too.	Plot machine-tooled, but setting and handling effective.	Nice novelty number
ROGUE COP *William P. McGivern* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	Phil. flatfoot (crook) straightens out as brother, also on force, takes slugs.	Fur flies, blood flows as bad actor turns avenger; pace good.	Steps right along
THE GIRL ON THE GALLOWS *Q. Patrick* (Gold Medal: 25 cents)	Classic British case of Edith Thompson and Freddie Bywaters (1922).	Probable miscarriage of justice treated with intelligence, sympathy.	Capable job
THE FUGITIVE EYE *Charlotte Jay* (Harper: $2.50)	Britisher sees too much; those seen see to it he doesn't see further.	Swift pursuit job carries reader along as on roller-coaster.	Highly effective
MADE FOR MURDER *Fenn McGrew* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Midwest dowager's death looks natural, but local cops have doubts.	One of those family jobs; characterization is sharp.	Plus mark
TERROR ON BROADWAY *David Alexander* (Random: $2.75)	Ripper-like slaughterer ungays Gay White Way; cops and newshawks act.	Many odd fish in this net, but life's like that, or isn't it?	Woozy as all get-out

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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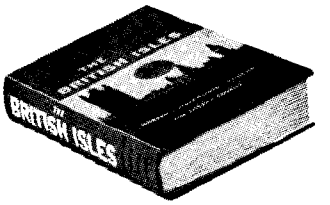

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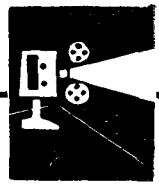

IDEAS ON FILM

Psychiatry Without Jargon

ALTHOUGH Mental Health was not listed as one of the twelve competition categories in the recent Golden Reel Festival, one surprising consequence was that the Mental Health Film Board managed to snare top honors for three of its newest productions. The winning films were "Working and Playing to Health" and "Man to Man" (both photographed in mental hospitals), and "Roots of Happiness" (filmed in rural Puerto Rico). They won first, second, and third place, respectively, in the sections listed as Training, Medical Sciences, and Home and Family. This just goes to show that you can't keep a good film down, but more important that the 16mm field has not yet fallen victim to the educational disease which audio-visual pioneer Dr. Edgar Dale has diagnosed as "hardening of the categories."

The Mental Health Film Board was formed nearly five years ago with the specified program of producing and distributing superior educational films. The overall goal was to help prevent "the more serious aspects of mental illness that now constitute America's costliest medical problem." In an article which appeared in these pages announcing its plans [*SR* Oct. 15, 1949] the Board's film advisor, Irving Jacoby, elaborated on some of the difficulties to be faced in creating films which would be "both good art and good medicine."

In the intervening years, eleven films have been produced and circulated under the auspices of the Mental Health Film Board. Of the Board's original members, eight are still participating in its program—seven prominent psychiatrists and one psychologist. Several new members have been added, and a marriage has changed the name of its executive secretary from Alberta Altman to Alberta Jacoby. Although original plans called for many films to be made simultaneously by different producers under the supervision of Irving Jacoby, for the past several years most of the films have been made by Jacoby himself, or by his partner Willard Van Dyke. "We often found ourselves in the middle, between harassed producers and the seemingly divergent guidance of our psychiatric consultants, the state Mental Health authorities, and the members of the Board," Jacoby says. "It was easier to take direct responsibility for scripts that had to be psycho-dynamically accurate and for scenes that were supposed to pinpoint delicate emotional balances."

Of the earliest productions, which dealt with "emotions of everyday living" ("Angry Boy," "Steps of Age," "Fears of Children," "Farewell to Childhood," "Roots of Happiness," and "First Lessons") only the first involved psychiatric therapy. Others were centered around home and school, in familiar settings, and were concerned with the kinds of personal problems most people have either experienced or witnessed at close hand. (All five were reviewed in these pages at the time of their release.) "Broken Appointment," directed by Willard Van Dyke and produced last year for the Pennsylvania Department of Welfare, was the first of a Professional Education series and was intended to augment the mental-health program in public-health nursing. Two subsequent releases in this series are reviewed in this issue. Another film, "Head of the House," produced for the State Department to use in Germany, has not been released in this country. "The Lonely Night," a feature-length film which deals specifically, but not exclusively, with analytical psychotherapy, is now being shown theatrically to "art house" audiences and will probably be released on 16mm in the fall or early winter.

The Mental Health Film Board is still planning new films, as cooperative ventures with other groups interested in the psychiatric approach to personal problems. But this year the accent is putting past productions to fullest use. In talking with the Jacobys recently, I learned that almost two thousand prints of their films have been purchased and are in current circulation. It should be noted, too, that they were sold at current market prices, not as "giveaways" or at a small overwriting of print cost. The films are to be found in every state, and in many foreign countries, available at typical rental prices ($4-$6 each) and in many instances for free loan from public libraries and government health agencies. The first films are still selling well, better in fact than some of the very recent ones. "Angry Boy," which has sold 600 prints, is probably good for several hundred more in the course of its life span. As is true with most non-theatrical sales, this year's releases probably won't begin to hit full stride for another year or two.

Mrs. Jacoby reports that today's audiences for mental-health films are infinitely larger than she could possibly have imagined when the MHFB was getting under way. The Board had considered itself more or less limited to mental-health societies and parent-teacher groups, but the films have been shown to just about every audience you can name—church groups, labor unions, women's clubs, public-library forums, and a wide area of classroom situations from senior high school to professional graduate school. Present plans, according to Mrs. Jacoby, call for the films to be used on television, as center pieces for discussion and psychiatric interpretation. But even without the massive audiences of television, the MHFB productions have already been seen by staggering numbers of people. If each print has been used only twice a month and was seen by twenty-five people (a rock-bottom estimate), that would make, unless my arithmetic fails me, an aggregate audience of over a million people in just one year.

COMPARING the Mental Health Film Board program with the much greater organized and financed film operations of the wartime OWI, Jacoby says he feels the difference is in follow-through. "The Government films were by some standards better pictures," he said, and he mentioned by name such productions as "Library of Congress," "Pale Horseman," and "A Better Tomorrow," "but the four years of producing films for the Government left us with a sense of failure because we never knew whether we were hitting our targets. A documentary film-maker cannot rely on sponsor approval, an occasional prize, or a favorable review; he needs both the mellowing and the sharpening influences of audience response."

In nearly every way the MHFB productions, as a whole, have been superior to other mental-health films produced in this country in recent years. But if I were limited to only one note of praise for the past efforts of the Mental Health Film Board, it would be this: the films have steadfastly avoided the fashionable jargon of conversational psychiatry. Not once, to my recollection, is mention made of any specific or vague "emotional" or "psychosomatic" disease. Psychiatric meanings are present in each episode of each film, but they are not reduced to simple prescriptions for simple ills.

I remember that when the Mental Health Film Board was first planned, it was the hope of its founders that its psychiatrists would quickly learn the techniques of the film and that its

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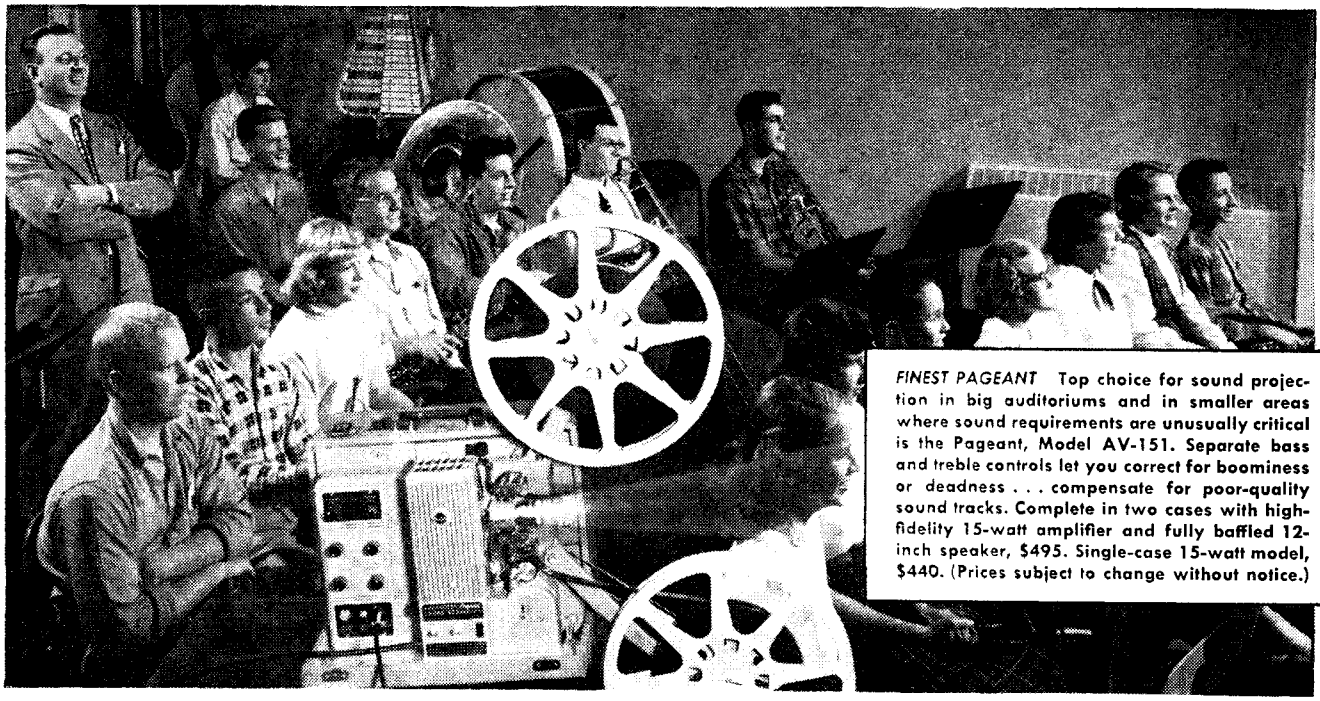

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film-makers would learn the techniques of psychiatry. This sort of ambition was almost doomed to fail, and in this case I believe it did fail. For one reason, the psychiatrists have been busy with their own work and have not had the time (nor perhaps the talent nor inclination) to learn an essentially new way of communicating. Then too, even the most sensitive and best-informed film-maker is only a layman in psychiatry; he lacks the years of study, training, and practice that make a professional psychiatrist. The psychiatrists did not become film-makers and the film-makers did not become psychiatrists. But it is all to the good that each kept his own place and perspective. Otherwise, instead of "good art and good medicine," the films might easily have turned out to be arty medicine and medicinal art.

I sometimes hear questions about the possible dangers of widespread showings of mental-health films to the public. Undoubtedly these questions will arise again with regard to the films reviewed in this week's FILM FORUM. But certainly the dangers in showing such films are no greater than in showing any other kind of health film. There is no more chance that a person will *develop* an emotional illness from looking at a movie than that he will develop cancer, tuberculosis, or syphilis in that way. He may, however, discover that he has some of the symptoms of disease—but this knowledge is surely at least one step closer to treatment than is ignorance.

Mental illness is not something one gets by being exposed to a psychiatrically oriented motion picture; it cannot be brought on quite as easily as this. Nor can its treatment so easily be accomplished. The films are not cures for disease. They are educational incentives to better understanding of illness, better community support and use of psychiatric services, and better individual adjustment to the problems of daily living.

—CECILE STARR.

"THE MURROW-McCARTHY DEBATE," a 45-minute film, taken from the CBS television programs, is now available to 16mm film users as a Freedom House presentation. The film includes sequences from Edward R. Murrow's first report on Senator Joseph R. McCarthy (March 9, 1954), excerpts from the Annie Lee Moss hearings as shown on "See It Now" (March 16), Senator McCarthy's charges against Murrow (April 6), and Murrow's reply, including highlights from an address by Bishop Sheil (April 13). Introductory comments for the film are given by Dr. Harry Gideonse and Father George B. Ford.

The use of the film is restricted to non-commercial 16mm showings where no admission fees are charged. A further restriction is that prints are not available to any organization listed by the U.S. Attorney General as subversive.

"The Murrow-McCarthy Debate" is available for purchase ($85) and for rental ($7.50) from Association Films, Inc. located at Broad and Elm Streets, Ridgefield, New Jersey; at 79 East Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois; at 1108 Jackson Street, Dallas, Texas; and at 351 Turk Street, San Francisco, California. —C. S.

The Film Forum

PSYCHIATRY AT WORK | *The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm Sound Films*

WORKING AND PLAYING TO HEALTH *(35 min.) Produced for the Mental Health Film Board by Affiliated Film Producers. Sponsored by the Illinois State Department of Public Welfare. Available for purchase from the International Film Bureau, 57 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois. For rental from a number of educational film libraries, addresses available from the Mental Health Film Board, 166 East 38th Street, New York 17, N. Y.*

Occupational and recreational therapy are among today's most effective weapons against the "lingering" diseases—those which involve long hospitalization and recuperation. Not only do these therapies serve as a bridge for the incapacitated and isolated patient into the everyday world, but doctors now are discovering tremendous curative values in such work and play activities.

The introduction to "Working and Playing to Health" explains that the film was photographed in a state mental hospital in Central Illinois and that it is based on a play written and acted by staff members. Seven episodes follow. Some are extremely moving: Mr. Biederheim, who sits silently at the loom and "just weaves"; the hopeless-looking men being taught to catch a ball and "make a basket"; attractive Louise, who is well enough to have problems with her boss in the hospital's laundry. Each story has a pulse of its own. Between episodes a psychiatrist speaks, relating them loosely to one another, in terms of problem and resolution.

The play had originally been written and enacted as an amateur stage production. Turning it into a film was mainly for convenience—it could be seen and discussed an unlimited number of times by interested groups in hospitals and in communities. Only a director of Willard Van Dyke's abilities could have made it the exciting moving picture that it is. With ingenuity and honesty, Van Dyke got the better of every disadvantage that presented itself. He shot the film as if it were a low-budget stage play—with no sets, few props, and a minimum of film-worthy details. But with the simple use of highlights, blacked-out areas, and unfancy camera work the film rises far above its limitations. In "Working and Playing to Health" we have a rarity among teaching films—a really absorbing non-cinematic motion picture. On a purely informational level you couldn't find a better or more reassuring introduction to the mental hospital setting.

Kevin Smith was the photographer, and technical assistance was given by Alfred Paul Bay, M.D., superintendent of the Manteno State Hospital in Illinois.

MAN TO MAN *(30 min.) Produced for the Mental Health Film Board by Affiliated Film Producers. Sponsored by the health departments of New Jersey, Alaska, and Michigan. For availability, see above.*

Behind the locked doors of the mental patients' living quarters the film shows the everyday existence of men who seem destined to live withdrawn from reality. As a psychiatric aide, Joe Fuller sees these patients in their most helpless and inactive state. But he sees also that they do get better; and as they improve, they seem also to be able to help one another.

"Man to Man" was made to help recruit responsible personnel to work in mental hospitals and to give them a sense of the personal satisfactions that can be gained from helping sick people get better. In the film Joe Fuller's story involves two other people: an elderly patient who gets to know and respect Joe, and a new psychiatric aide who is sure that he knows all there is to know about "looney bins."

The story in itself is not remarkable. But the overall development, the nonverbal communication if you will, is extraordinarily revealing on the subject of mental illness. Its portrayal of Joe Fuller, as the model of a modern psychiatric aide, is particularly successful. Joe learns that he has a man-sized job, and part of that job involves helping grown-up children become men.

Even within Joe's limited view of life in the mental hospital, wonderful things can happen. As he points out, it's important to be a friend, even when you think the patient doesn't know what's going on. To like what is likable in the patient, and to learn to understand what is not likable—this is a thought from which we might all benefit.

"Man to Man" was written by Irving Jacoby and Jack Neher, directed by Irving Jacoby, and photographed by Richard Leacock. Psychiatric consultants were Thomas A. C. Rennie, D.D., and William F. Green, M.D. All roles were played by staff members of Fairfield State Hospital in Newtown, Connecticut. —CECILE STARR.

Further information about these films can be obtained by addressing the 16mm Film Editor, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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Fiction

Continued from page 15

and four are mixtures. The conventional story is "The Day He Got Fired," an excellently controlled account of a crucial moment in the maturing process of one Boyd Hays. The mixtures deal with an abortion, a neurotic girl who builds a fantasy world out of radiocasts of baseball games, an unpleasant situation involving a lover, a divorcee, and her difficult son, and a homosexual horror story with a quality of nightmare violence.

The experimental stories, including one in atrocious Joycean verse, are simply eccentric proof of the author's infatuation with his own work and of his indifference to Alexander Pope's observation that he hoped to be praised as much for what he had burned as for what he had printed.

Notes

INSTINCTIVE NON-CONFORMIST: The problem of convention and revolt is a subject which has engrossed Louis Auchincloss in several books. It engrosses him once again in **"The Romantic Egoists"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3).

His principal character this time is Peter Wescott, an inhabitant of that Proper World of Boston and New York and Long Island, a product of the Proper Schools, on his way up as a junior member of a law firm of impeccable propriety and stature. But Wescott always finds himself drawn to the dissenter, the rebel, the non-conformist. In a series of chronological memoirs, he recalls eight people whose lives, more or less briefly, have crossed his own. All of them, in one way or another and with varying degrees of success, have run counter to the accepted pattern. All of them, in their fashion, bear witness to the intrinsic dignity of that egoism which must sustain even the most pathetic and misdirected efforts to be one's true self.

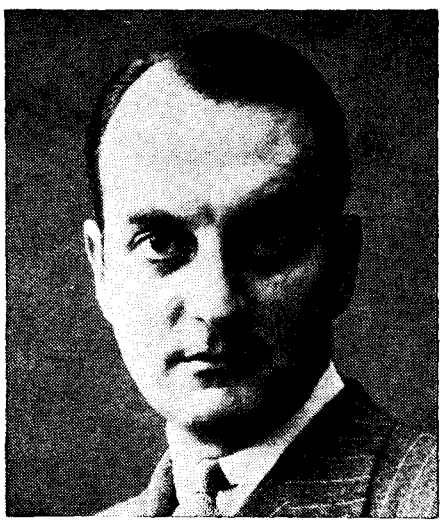
It is a considerable technical triumph for an author to be able to make plain, in a first-person narrative, an image of what the narrator himself is not fully aware. Through implication and understatement, Mr. Auchincloss shows clearly, in Wescott's recollection of his eight friends, the reflections of qualities in Wescott himself which drew him to the non-conformists.

Without moralizing, Mr. Auchincloss points out essential moralities; he has both ironic wit and sympathy, and he is, in addition, the master of a clean, cultivated, articulate literary style which, in a day when much that is careless and slipshod passes in the name of realism, is an esthetic delight. —Sara Henderson Hay.

LETHAL PASSION: Violet Paget, better known to her contemporaries as Vernon Lee, was an Englishwoman who lived much of her life near Florence, and enjoyed the acquaintance of Mrs. Wharton and Henry James. In an introduction to a new collection of her short stories, **"The Snake Lady and Other Stories"** (Grove Press, $3.50), Horace Gregory says that nowhere else in English fiction has Italy been peopled with "such enduring ghosts and shades" as in her work. And there can be no question that her love for Italy's olive and lemon groves, and for its Renaissance wickedness, permeates her descriptions and furnishes the point of departure for her creative imagination in nearly all of the tales here included.

But it is unfortunate that her preoccupation with evil should be as repetitious as Poe's, and that her love-tragedies (every story asserts that to love is to die) should have about them the same musty air of melodrama as Browning's Italian imbroglios have inherited. But her delicately beautiful style—"You shall have some very bare rooms with brick floors and white curtains opening out on my terrace; and a dinner of all manner of fish and milk (the white garlic flowers shall be mown away from under the olives lest my cow should eat it) and eggs cooked in herbs plucked in the hedges"—her elegant humor, and her unmistakable passion more than atone for her Gothic extravagance.

—Nicolas Monjo.



Louis Auchincloss—"wit and sympathy."

Africa

Continued from page 13

bustard is graphic. His directions on how to stuff and cook it are priceless. That is one particularly likable feature of Mr. Lake's tome. He covers the end-product of hunting, which other hunters leave disdainfully alone, namely, how to prepare the game for the table. For instance, Buffalo Pot Roast, Hippo Ham, Python Fillet, Jugged Lion—and so on, short of Crocodile Tears.

Neither "Hunter's Choice" nor "African Hunt" has a subject index. In the case of the latter especially, this is an unfortunate omission.

If your five-foot shelf is full, it would be profitable to add the three inches this brace of books will require. They prove, among other things, that Scipio Africanus was on the beam some two thousands years ago when he said: "Out of Africa comes always something new." Or words to that effect.

The Grim Sands

SAHARA SAFARI: Aided by some full-page photographs, Wilson MacArthur's **"The Desert Watches"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50) recounts in detail a grueling journey across the Sahara Desert made by the author and his wife in a diabolic automobile which breaks down or gets stuck at least once per page. Because their route was generally so well traveled (indeed the vast spaces at times seem as populous as Yankee Stadium during a Series) it is startling to learn that the couple actually came dangerously near dying of thirst at one point.

It is difficult for a traveler, in describing his adventures, to transmit the same wonder and excitement with which they infuse his own memory, and the MacArthurs' story, partly because of the similarity of their repeated mishaps, tends to drag at times. Nor does it often fully express the mysterious way in which the Sahara penetrates into the spiritual fibers of those who know it at first hand, but even the strangely eloquent Exupéry sometimes fails in this task. And as an informative, clear-headed report of the great desert and a good many of the people who live on it, it would seem to fill the bill. Mr. MacArthur writes in an unstudied, good-natured manner which carries us along with him most of the way on a journey that few of us would have the stamina to make except in the pages of a book.

—Jerome Stone.

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Americana

Continued from page 18

nuendos, and third-hand reports are given equal prominence in the text with authentic documents and the letters of the chief actors; while long quotations from a bitterly anti-Burr and partisan press are presented as proof of the "facts" therein contained. A historian of the future might as well concentrate on the *Chicago Tribune*, the Hearst press, and Westbrook Pegler as his source material for the Roosevelt-Truman Administrations. Certainly William Duane of the Philadelphia *Aurora* was neither well-informed nor careful of the truth: and James Cheetham of the New York *American Citizen* was sedulously engaged in a long attempt to drive Burr from public life. Do we really believe today their accusations that Washington had attempted to loot the Treasury, that Pickering had burnt down the War Office to hide his defalcations, or that John Adams deliberately sought war on France to make himself a dictator?

If the reader is diligent enough, however, to winnow fact from surmise or malice, by a close attention to the supporting footnotes, he has here spread before him enough material to come to his own conclusions, as the author intends, or to confess, as this reviewer is compelled to do, that the verdict of "Not proven" which the Richmond jury ultimately brought in is still the only fair one.

Certain errors of fact have inevitably crept in. For instance, Burr lost the Presidency to Jefferson in the final Congressional vote not by a single vote, but by ten states to four; Senator William Blount of Tennessee was a Republican, not a Federalist; the acquisition of Louisiana was by no means the only or even the major reason why the Federalist clique sought secession in 1804 (they tried it again in 1814); and Burr's following came chiefly from the Republican ranks, not from Federalists, even in the East.

Similarly, the political and economic background of the "conspiracy" is inadequately treated, the malignant campaign against Burr by the Republican press during his Vice Presidency and his relations with Jefferson are not fully explored; while hardly anything is said of James Wilkinson's amazing reign of terror in New Orleans during the final days.

Yet, for all these critical comments, Professor Abernethy's volume is a work of considerable research and painstaking presentation, and makes a valuable contribution to the growing list of Burriana.

Notes

TH: JEFFERSON, FARMER: In many ways **"Thomas Jefferson's Farm Book," edited by Edwin Morris Betts** (Princeton University Press, $15), is one of the most important items of Americana to be published in years. To the average American and to the scholar, Jefferson's multiple achievements in politics and public life have overshadowed his work as a scientific agriculturalist. Thus, the "Farm Book" somewhat redresses that grievance, for farming was Jefferson's first and most engaging love, and Jefferson's contributions to scientific agriculture are on a plane with his contributions in other fields. If genius is based on an infinite capacity for details and the ability to select and synthesize them, then the "Farm Book" offers the best key to understanding the master of Monticello. This volume should have priority over any other Jefferson volume because it sets the stage and fixes the perspective for comprehension of his other activities.

The writings and commentary show Jefferson at his natural best. Within its pages you find the clues to his genius. There is Jefferson the scientist, exact, painstaking, open minded, and ever tampering with set formulae. Again it is the paternalist, worrying about the welfare of his people," as he called the slaves, but even more worried about those who would destroy the social order by refusing to accept the responsibilities of slave ownership. It is revealing to follow the many efforts of Jefferson to improve agriculture in America. He never lost faith in the soil of Virginia and was sure that proper care would improve it and regulate the Westward migrations. Editor Edwin Morris Betts has done a masterful job of editing the farm book and the relevant extracts from other writings.

—Bennett H. Wall.

OVERLAND ORDEAL: Robert Stuart was a Scotch lad who came to America in the early nineteenth century and engaged in the fur trade. He became an employe of John Jacob Astor and went out to Oregon by way of Cape Horn in 1810. During the next two years he watched the rugged drama of bitter international rivalries begin to unfold on the Pacific Oregon Coast.

On June 29, 1812, Stuart and a small party set out overland from Astoria for St. Louis to report to Astor on the fate of both the land and sea expeditions to the Northwest. From the end of June until the end of the following April, Stuart battled hardship of almost every kind to find his way through 3,766 miles of grueling Western country. The mountainous 800 miles of the journey all but defeated him. His party was beset by the wearing hardship of travel in the area, by cold, and by starvation. Not only did nature strike back at them, but the Indians along the way were troublesome. It was not unusual for a cry of danger to go up, and the party had to fight for their lives and the preservation of their horses.

In the highly literate journal he kept, now published as **"On the Oregon Trail: Robert Stuart's Journey of Discovery"** (University of Oklahoma

"He said his first words today—*Dien Bien Phu!*"

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Press, $3.75), Stuart paints a most graphic picture of travel across this picturesque but cruel stretch of North America. The traveler who broke trail in this region faced death at almost every turn. If he survived to write about it, there was plenty of landscape and excitement to describe. Stuart's material was readymade for the use of Washington Irving, who never let a good story suffer for lack of facts—nor did he let facts spoil a good story. In describing the use of this journal by Irving in his "Astoria," Kenneth A. Spaulding, editor of the present volume, has produced a highly competent piece of historical criticism. His introduction is enlightening, and gives material strength to the Stuart journal. In presenting this material in its fresh new format, the University of Oklahoma Press has made available a highly valuable piece of basic Americana.

—THOMAS D. CLARK.

JEFFERSON AS DIPLOMAT AND SCIENTIST: In May 1785 John Adams departed from Paris and his fellow commissioners, Franklin and Jefferson (the latter "the only person," Abigail Adams wrote, "with whom my Companion could associate with perfect freedom, and unreserve") for the "Smoke and Damp" of London, where he took up his new duties as minister to the Court of St. James's. Two months later Dr. Franklin made his adieux to the ladies of Paris, having been replaced as minister to Versailles by the Virginian. That summer, nevertheless, saw the culmination of the work of these three diplomats with the signing of a treaty of commerce with Prussia.

Most of the letters and documents in Volume 8 of **"The Papers of Thomas Jefferson"** (Princeton University Press, $10), edited by Julian P. Boyd and associates, relate to diplomatic affairs from February to October 1785. Yet Jefferson's conception of his mission would not permit him merely to work for treaties of amity and commerce. The wealth of European culture must be passed on to his friends in America —books, reports on balloon flights and scientific discoveries, plans, and a plaster model for Virginia's capitol. Also, misconceptions about his beloved country must be countered—especially Buffon's strictures on American animal life. For the latter purpose, Jefferson in this period had his "Notes on Virginia" printed, though he hesitated to distribute copies freely because he feared an adverse reaction in the Southern states to his attack on slavery.

Once more, this volume reveals the richness of Jefferson's papers and the superb quality of their production in book form. —J. MERTON ENGLAND.

NEW EDITIONS

Early English History and Some Philosophy Classics

IF WE dig down through the strata of English historical writing, we touch bedrock when we reach "The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," now available, in several parallel versions, in a new, excellent modern English translation by G. N. Garmonsway (Everyman's Library, $1.65). The distinctions of the "Chronicle" are many. In the words of Mr. Garmonsway and others, it is "the most important work written in English before the Norman Conquest," "the fundamental authority for old English history," "by far the oldest historical prose in any Germanic language," and "the first national continuous history of a Western nation in its own language." "In its pages can be traced the continuous development of early English prose style throughout the centuries of the Saxon period to the middle of the twelfth century." This style grows under our eyes as we read. The first entries are brief and dry, but soon flesh begins to appear on the bones of these monkish annals, and, long before we come to the account of Edward the Confessor's struggle with Earl Godwin and the description of Stephen's reign we find that we are dealing with writers who can hold us by the spirit of their prose no less than by the importance of their facts. Where among later historians shall we look for a more vivid description of the anarchy that prevailed under Stephen? "For every great man built himself castles and held them against the king; and they filled the whole land with these castles. They sorely burdened the unhappy people of the country with forced labor on the castles; and when the castles were built, they filled them with devils and wicked men. By night and by day they seized those whom they believed to have any wealth, whether they were men or women; and in order to get their gold and silver, they put them into prison and tortured them with unspeakable tortures. . . . Never did a country endure greater misery, and never did the heathen act more vilely than they did. Contrary to custom, they spared neither church nor churchyard. . . . Wherever the ground was tilled the earth bore no corn, for the land was ruined by such doings, and men said openly that Christ and his saints slept."

Despite many chapters of history as horrible as this one, Leibnitz was still able to believe that this is the best of all possible worlds. He believed, of course, because he wished to believe. He was an expert logician —he looked forward towards symbolic logic—who raised his philosophical structures upon a foundation of faith. His methods may be studied briefly in "Discourse on Metaphysics" (Barnes & Noble, $1.75), one of the first two volumes in a new series, Philosophical Classics, that is off to a good start under the general editorship of Peter G. Lucas. The other volume is Kant's "Prolegomena to Any Future Metaphysics" ($2.50). It was Kant's conviction that, prior to his own time, nothing worthy of the name of metaphysics had existed; he even felt it necessary to ask "whether such a thing as metaphysics is possible at all." This undermining question has been repeated to and by metaphysicians since that day. He decided that it was possible but not until a radical critique of the content and limits of reason had at least been attempted. His aim was to give metaphysics the status of a science, and he made a bold, influential try. These Philosophical Classics are attractive little books. It is pleasant to have philosophy so invitingly housed.

SANTAYANA'S "The Life of Reason"—a book of our own day that may take its place among the least thorny philosophical classics—has been issued by Scribner's in a one-volume edition ($6.50), abridged and revised by the author and Daniel Cory. This is the work that Irwin Edman has described, in one of its aspects, as "an account of the various ways in which humanity has attempted to rationalize itself, together with a critical estimate of the worth of those attempts." John Dewey, who once stressed the moral content of this book, is himself represented in Dover Student's Editions by "Essays in Experimental Logic" ($1.75). Now in the same series are Sir William Bragg's "Concerning the Nature of Things" ($1.25), and—for a limited company of readers—Mach's "The Principles of Physical Optics" ($1.75) and Minnaert's "The Nature of Light and Color in the Open Air" ($1.95).

For farmers, real or armchair: Bromfield's "Pleasant Valley" (Pocket Books, 35¢).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Aesop in Hollywood

Continued from page 9

major and is still affecting us. He staked out the boundaries of Hollywood's heroic tradition. He was the good-bad man, adapted to democratic mores. Like the most enduring American idols, he helped shape a new vision, turning everyday events into things of rhythm and beauty. His best films identified his own personality with his heroic function. More than any other early film figure, he put Louis Sullivan's pithy dictum that "form follows function" into practice. Many later favorites have adopted it.

Among those who recognized at the time of Doug's death the impact he had made on America was Frank Nugent. In the December 17, 1939, *New York Times* he explained why people had never tired of Doug:

> "Doug" Fairbanks was make-believe at its best, a game we youngsters never tired of playing, a game—we are convinced—our fathers secretly shared. He was complete fantasy, not like Disney's, which has an overlayer of whimsey and of sophistication, but unashamed and joyous. Balustrades were made to be vaulted, draperies to be a giant slide, chandeliers to swing from, citadels to be scaled. There wasn't a small boy in the neighborhood who did not, in a Fairbanks picture, see himself triumphing over the local bully, winning the soft-eyed adoration of whatever ten-year-old blonde he had been courting, and wreaking vengeance on the teacher who had made him stand in the corner that afternoon.

One of Doug's best roles was that of "Don, Son of Zorro." Throughout his captivity he tapped out, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again, if you have the yeast to make it rise." Doug was sometimes a caricature of the American hero; he nevertheless became one of the pivotal men in motion-picture history, in a way which he himself probably never understood.

* * *

ONE of Doug's most formidable rivals was a mouse. Although he existed only on a drawing board, Mickey Mouse acquired a following that most flesh-and-blood beings envy. Mickey seems at first glance to be another Doug cavorting in a world of special fantasy. Both go about righting wrongs and foiling villains. Often Mickey satirizes the things Doug did in earnest, this being the basis of his mousey humor. In his second appearance, made before sound, Mickey was a "Gallopin' Gaucho" doing Doug's feats the wrong way.

Walt Disney deliberately set out to parody the Fairbanks technique. His mouse took the melodrama out of the rescue scenes and substituted pathos. With only his spindly pencil legs and freedom from gravity to save him from a hostile world, Mickey somehow got along. Deeds that had caused Doug's well-toned muscles to quiver were disposed of by Mickey with a flick of one of his three fingers. In ridiculing the cult of masculine push-ups, Mickey won his own fame.

Although more than a thousand people now work at the film factory known as Walt Disney Productions, Mickey Mouse owes his existence to Walter Elias Disney's imagination. The son of a contractor, Walt was born in Chicago in 1901, grew up in Kansas City, and drove a French ambulance in World War I. Back home, he took art lessons and drew illustrations for farm magazines. His attention soon turned to the creation of movie shorts, and he began a series of early fairytale films. When his distributor failed, Disney took a new tack. He devoted his time to perfecting a medium by which he could fuse infinite detail into one single vision—the animated animal cartoon.

He did not invent it. People had seen animated pictures long before movie days by flipping booklets in their hands. Nineteenth-century scientists, like the astronomer Herschel, had worked on animated visions, and Georges Mélies had established an animated film studio in France before 1900. Mélies's film called "A Trip to the Moon" (1902) was a classic of its type. Russia's Ladislas Starevitch did La Fontaine's "Fables" and released his full-length "Adventures of Reynard" before World War I. Winsor McCoy, in America, turned out "Gertie the Dinosaur" in 1909. McCoy's "Felix the Cat" amused people before Disney even began to work.

Walt's first animal was Oswald the Rabbit, a descendant of Br'er Rabbit and Uncle Remus. Oswald was reasonably successful, but when his associates refused to advance Disney money for experimentation Walt resigned and started West. En route Mickey Mouse was created.

Here is an American hero who sprang, like Athena, full-blown from the brow of Zeus. Naturally we want to know as much as we can about that moment. In connection with the Silver Anniversary of the Disney Studios, *The Saturday Evening Post* published "The Amazing Story of Walt Disney" on October 31, 1953. Since it had the full sanction of Disney, we may consider it an authoritative account:

> Walt resumed sketching as they whizzed westward out of Chicago. When he was ankle-deep in rejected drawings and getting mighty tired of it all, he began, for no explainable reason, to sketch mice. He found himself strangely amused as each new rodent figure took shape on his tablet. Suddenly, he shouted to his wife, who was dozing, "I've got him! Mortimer Mouse!"
>
> Mrs. Disney was amused by the drawings, but she insisted—and even today cannot tell why—that Mickey Mouse was a better name. Walt, who was enjoying a happy creative delirium, accepted the suggestion.

A MOUSE was born. Three Disneys were ultimately responsible; for in addition to Walt's wife, his brother Roy had a hand. As the *Post* article put it, "Aided by inspired blocking on the part of Roy Disney, an older brother who took over as business manager and now is president, Walt developed into one of the most spectacular broken-field runners in the history of small industry."

Whether or not it was all as accidental and inspired as the Disneys now claim, they certainly did hitch their wagons to a mouse. This need not embarrass them. The mouse has a high standing in world folklore. Stories are told of a magic mouse-skin, of mice transformed into other animals or humans, or of town and country mice rivalries. The little rodent's weaknesses inspire stories of mice stronger than wall, wind, or mountain; and braver than any animal in the forest.

In German tradition a mouse won fame by putting his tail in a sleeping thief's mouth and making him cough up a magic ring. Spaniards tell of one who tormented the bull who couldn't catch him. There are also tales about real mice that caused Disney to think of creating "Mortimer," whose name was altered to "Mickey." In the years to come these stories will grow and take on many variations.

The early Mickey was functional,

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not handsome, with black dots for eyes, pencil legs, three fingers per hand, a string-bean body, and a jerky walk. When he started to talk, Disney became his voice, and has remained so ever since. From the first, Mickey was concerned with heroes. In "Plane Crazy," his initial short, he parodied Lindbergh, who had just flown across the Atlantic. The second poked fun at Mickey's acrobatic rival, Douglas Fairbanks. People applauded as the Mouse imitated the Man. Mickey talked for the first time in "Steamboat Willie," a short which (said *The New York Times*) "growls, whines, squeaks, and makes various other sounds that add to the mirthful quality." His first Western, "The Cactus Kid," took Billy the Kid as its satirical target. By 1931 newly formed Mickey Mouse clubs had a million members. Mickey now appeared in twenty foreign newspapers—and Madame Toussaud's waxworks. Then America's Sweetheart fell for the mighty mouse.

In 1933 Mary Pickford announced that Mickey was her favorite star—an admission which might have contributed to the incompatibility that made Doug seek a divorce in 1935. The same year Mohamet Zahir Khan, potentate of Hyderabad, called Mickey the leading American hero in India. *Film Day* estimated that over 100,000 people a day saw him on the screen. Soviet art critics quickly pointed out that Disney was "showing the capitalistic world under the masks of pigs, mice, and penguins." In other countries the little fellow with the big eyes (known as Michel Souris, Mikki Maus, Miguel Ratonocito, Michele Japolino, or Miki Kuchi) had strong appeal. Five million Americans paid to see a traveling Disney art show. Even the conservative Metropolitan Museum of Art hung an original Mickey Mouse. English cartoonist David Low called Mickey's creator "the most significant figure in graphic art since Leonardo da Vinci."

NOW Mickey left the studio and began to invade the nation's kitchens and bedrooms. Off the drawing board his guide was a former department-store promotion man, Kay Kamen. Joining Disney after leaving a Kansas City job in 1932, Kamen and Roy Disney universalized Mickey, becoming middlemen between Disney and American manufacturers. By 1940 they had over 2,000 companies affiliated with Disney. One of them, Lionel Corporation, sold 253,000 Mickey Mouse toy handcars in a single Christmas season. The Ingersoll Watch Company sent its five millionth Mickey Mouse watch to Walt

"He is a mouse of good will."

as a special present. Not all the items were children's trinkets. A diamond-studded Mickey Mouse bracelet sold along Fifth Avenue for $1,200. From these schemes manufacturers grossed almost $100,000,000 in 1948, over a million of which went to Kamen Enterprises. Because of him, American children began to live in a mouse-dominated world. They wore Mickey clothes, mittens, bibs, and jewelry. At home they read Mickey comics. At school they worked on Mickey desk outfits. Outside they played with Mickey toys, balls, and games, and on Saturday they went to see Mickey Mouse cartoons. At night they put on Mickey pajamas and tumbled into Mickey Mouse beds, to dream of a happy land where cats do not break through and steal.

All this helped. But Disney's cartoons continued to be the chief means of spreading Mickey's heroic image. Over a hundred of these have been made, utilizing simple plots summed up in a single line on Disney's desk. Whole films have grown from such phrases as "Covered wagon type of story—Western locale"; "Mickey plays organ to skeleton's dance"; "Explorer, Mickey with cannibals, musical ending."

The actual working out of the productions is more graphic than verbal. It takes sixteen drawings to make Mickey move once on the screen. Few write at Disney's, but hundreds draw. Senior animators make key drawings, and assistants sketch in those between. A ten-minute cartoon requires 14,400 pictures.

Mickey's reputation has been made by tons of drawings transferred to miles of film. Other centuries could have admired him. Only the twentieth century could have fabricated him. Without skilled technicians to develop, cut, and print film, and to provide for the sound and sequences, there could be no Mickey. By a process so complex that only a few fully understand it, the deceptively simple and spontaneous antics of the Mouse reach mass audiences.

His very existence shows that the machine is capable, when properly directed, of producing heroes completely divorced from the biological process. This only increases our delight in seeing Mickey satirize the machine. In the guise of a vacuum cleaner or cement mixer, technology sets out to destroy Mickey, who is himself mechanical without being mechanized. As with all heroes, Mickey's triumphs arise out of the desire of the human spirit to transcend the mechanical forces of brute nature. He is a mouse of good will.

Mickey's war on the machines makes him a symbolic foil of Frankenstein. Alarmed by the growing tyranny of ungoverned production, Mary Shelley created her terrifying villain in the novel "Frankenstein." Big, unwieldy, humorless, destructive, the Monster served as a warning that man might fabricate things that would wrest control from their makers. Mickey, on the other hand, is tiny, agile, funny, and full of compassion. He releases us from the tyranny of things, and from the fear of the very intricacy and impersonality that makes him possible.

GRADUALLY, Mickey lost the stark two-dimensional quality that was the mark of his special reality. The use of Technicolor, a streamlined torso, and perspective damaged rather than helped him. Significantly enough, the only Mouse that Disney himself can draw is the early flat one.

It is as if the Disney staff, determined to making a more adroit Mickey, snatched him away from Disney: an act which could eventually destroy Mickey. If that proves to be the case, Frankenstein will have won out after all.

Efforts at using animated and real characters in the same film have been unsuccessful. Having Donald Duck pursue a real girl created a jolting, even a vulgar, spectacle. Some feel that Disney erred in dropping Mickey and his two-dimensional friends. William Vaughn has even created the "Society to Keep Live Actors Out of Disney Movies." It has not turned the tide. In summarizing Disney's activities at the time of Mickey Mouse's twenty-fifth birthday, *Life* com-

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mented: "Amid the hubbub of his expanding studio, Disney has little time for Mickey Mouse, who is judged too sweet-tempered for current tastes." Such a judgment may well rule out the only thing for which the Disney studios, given now to nature studies and Verne-like underwater documentation, will be remembered. Mickey's old friends got some, but not much, consolation from the fact that in "The Living Desert," best of the new nature movies, mice were really the heroes, resisting successfully all the poisonous and armored bullies in the desert.

Visitors to Disney-land also comment on the "cult of Walt" which has taken the place of the earlier creative atmosphere. Everything ends up on his desk. In Ford's empire, they were afraid to call him Henry. In Disney's they dare call him nothing but Walt.

But neither Walt nor anyone else can deprive us of Mickey. Like Uncle Sam or John Bull, the Mouse now has a separate existence off the drawing board. He belongs to those of us who accept him, as well as those who create him; he is public property. One notes, in passing, how much Mickey resembles Disney. The soulful eyes, pointed face, and gift of pantomime distinguish them both. In discarding Mickey, Disney has helped obliterate himself.

Cast in the Aesop genre, Mickey (again like Doug) is a moralist. As with the great characters of Sophocles, Molière, or Shakespeare, Mickey depends on oversimplification to make his points. Because his world has laws of its own, Mickey achieves an illusion of independence from his creators. He improves on nature. But the nature involved is not that of our Newtonian world. Disney's heroes spring from his ability to see little people dancing under the hedge at twilight, and to rationalize the incredible. "We just try to make good pictures, and the professors tell us what they mean," Walt once said; and again while in Ireland, "If people would think more of fairies, they would soon forget the atom bomb."

Mickey demonstrates that art and mass production are not antithetical, and that movies appeal to all ages and levels. Using him as a springboard, Disney has created a new animated Noah's ark, to ride the waves of the modern chaotic world. His animated cartoons show that line and form can portray ideas and tensions, and that the artist can utilize technology. Disney has revitalized fantasy for our times. Mickey has lost none of his youthfulness. For a quarter century he has done the unexpected as a matter of course, and endured terrible punishment without pain. Master of his world, he is a living graphic symbol. Army intelligence officers planning the Normandy invasion quickly agreed that "Mickey Mouse" was the appropriate code name for the whole operation. It was tribute enough to turn the average rodent's head. But then, Mickey is no average rodent.

A NATION'S communal fears and ideals find their way into those media most immediately accessible to the people. One of these in the United States is the motion picture. There one finds the mirror held up to America. We are naive if we think Hollywood can't make better or different movies. They make just what the people want, and they have succeeded in creating a new galaxy of heroes. Here dwell Douglas Fairbanks and Mickey Mouse. In the future others will mold the stereotypes into new personalities. But they will not ignore them. The Man and the Mouse show us what we are and what we want to be.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

BACK OF HISTORY. By Williams Howells. Doubleday & Co. $5. A warm, leisurely history that runs from his raw-meat beginnings to his truffled present at Pavillon of the oddest creature in the world—Man.

BEATING WINGS. By Sara Jenkins. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3. A novel about the first year a young Methodist minister spends in the South with a new wife, a German who suffered from atrocities.

BRAVE PURSUIT. By Marguerite Allis. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. The third in the author's series of novels dealing with the Field family of the Ohio frontier country around 1812, this deals with Constitution Fields, a strapping lass who, despite her father, becomes a suffragette.

DARK ENEMY. By Edward J. Edwards. Longmans, Green & Co. $3. A box of Tide and a sink of hot water about a young doctor, whose wife is pregnant and has a cardiac condition that will not stand the rigors of childbirth, and the inevitable tears he runs into at the Catholic hospital where he works and where his wife is a patient.

DESPERATE SCENERY. By Elliot Paul. Random House. $3.75. Another rummaging by Mr. Paul into his capacious past. This time he is a hearty eighteen-year-old, the time is 1910, and the locale and business at hand are Utah and Idaho and the building of a dam by the Reclamation Service.

I'D RATHER BE KISSED. By F. Hugh Herbert. Random House. $2.95. An exploration of the subterranean world of adolescence by the international expert on teenagers. Here Mr. Herbert tells, in diary form, the excruciations of Dolores Keith, who is fifteen, full of normal madness, and charming.

THE JUDGMENT OF HISTORY. By Marie Collins Swabey. Philosophical Library. $3.75. A plea for an objective theory of history, put forth through studies of such historians as Gibbon, Beard, Parkman, Adams, Macaulay, and Kant.

LONG JOURNEY. By Harold Kenneth Fink. The Julian Press. $3.95. A case history, told in the subject's own words, of severe sexual maladjustment.

THE LOVERS. By Mitchell Wilson. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. Adulterous, heaving love on Martha's Vineyard near the end of that island's whaling era.

ME AND MY RUSSIAN WIFE. By Eddy Gilmore. Doubleday & Co. $3.75. An account of the eleven years the author spent in Russia as an American newspaperman, gadabout, and jazz drummer.

MORE MODERN AMERICAN POETS. By James G. Southworth. The Macmillan Co. $3.75. A second collection of essays on modern poets by a professor of English at the University of Toledo. Examined are Marianne Moore, W. C. Williams, Ezra Pound, Elinor Wylie, J. C. Ransom, Conrad Aiken, Mark Van Doren, Robert Hillyer, Allen Tate, Laura Riding, R. P. Warren, and W. H. Auden.

MOUNTAINS IN THE DESERT. By Louis Carl and Joseph Petit. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. A report of a dry-wind, bone-cracking scientific expedition made to the mountains of the Sahara Desert in 1949 by four Frenchmen.

A MURDER IN PARADISE. By Richard Gehman. Rinehart & Co. $3. A John Bartlow Martin treatment by Mr. Gehman of a murder committed a few years ago by a married student at Franklin & Marshall College in Lancaster, Pa. Special attention is given to the use and eventual boomeranging at the trial of psychiatric evidence offered about the defendant.

MY LIFE IN THE MAINE WOODS. By Annette Jackson. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.50. Some Dacron-weight reminiscences by the wife of a game warden in Maine, in which she tells of her twenty-five years as a mother of four, a huntress, a wrestler with bears in her cellar, and a cook of such bucolic tasties as game stews and johnny cake.

PARIS ORIGINAL. By Alexandra Orme. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50. Amid the rustling of silks and the soft tinkle of coins, Miss Orme here tells the story of fashion in Paris through an emigrée Polish woman, who besides being a receptionist in a Paris dress salon, has a husband back home just returned from Siberia, his brain full of rubles and caviar.

SUDAN DAYS AND WAYS. By H. C. Jackson. St. Martin's Press. $3.50. A memoir, covering twenty-five years from 1907 on, about the author's life in the Sudan as a member of the British Civil Service.

THREE STARS FOR THE COLONEL. By James A. Clark. Random House. $4. A biography of Ernest O. Thompson that is centered on the twenty-two years in his life in which he has become one of the world's leading experts on oil and oil conservation.

TOMORROW IS ALREADY HERE. By Robert Jungk. Translated by Marguerite Waldman. Simon & Schuster. $3.50. A spacious gander, by a European journalist, of the multifarious advances that are being made in this country on scientific fronts ranging from rocket travel to artificial insemination.

VALE OF TYRANNY. By Suzanne Butler. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. The taming of a wild horse of a girl by three men, one of whom is her cousin. The time is the middle of the last century and the place England.

THE VICTORIAN CHAISE LONGUE. By Marghanita Laski. Houghton Mifflin & Co. $2.75. A novella about a well-cosseted wife and mother-to-be who, while convalescing from TB on her chaise longue, has a dream that sends her back a number of years into another identity and another world.

YANKEE WHALERS IN THE SOUTH SEAS. By A. B. C. Whipple. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. An account of some of the adventures endured in the Pacific by American whalers and sealers in the last century when that industry lit the world and provided tales that made the contemporary doings of Davy Crockett seem like kindergarten frolics.

WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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SR's Library Poll

AUTHOR CHESSMAN (#12 on *SR*'s list) is distinguished for having produced a brief for himself while awaiting execution. Now the controversy about him swirls in two directions. Some writers dispute the evidence on which a California jury brought in the verdict against him. Other sympathizers are so impressed by his book that they declare it would be senseless to lose a witness—guilty or innocent—with such articulate insight into the criminal mind.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **The Mind Alive**
   by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)**
3. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)
4. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
5. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
6. **Bless This House**
   by Norah Lofts (F)
7. **I Led Three Lives**
   by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
8. **Sayonara**
   by James A. Michener (F)
9. **Seven Years in Tibet**
   by Heinrich Harrer (G)
10. **The Bad Seed**
    by William March (F)
11. **A Time to Love and a Time to Die**
    by Erich Maria Remarque (F)
12. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
    by Caryl Chessman (G)
13. **The Royal Box**
    by Frances Parkinson Keyes (F)
14. **Away All Boats**
    by Kenneth Dodson (F)
15. **McCarthy and His Enemies**
    by William F. Buckley, Jr. (G)
16. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
    by Taylor Caldwell (F)
17. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
    by Gene Fowler (G)
18. **Mary Anne**
    by Daphne du Maurier (F)
19. **Journey to the Far Amazon**
    by Alain Gheerbrant (G)
20. **Seduction of the Innocent**
    by Fredric Wertham (G)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

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(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. U.S. Senator from Illinois.	188 171 145 33 198 159 90
B. English inventor of modern shorthand, under grant by Queen Elizabeth, 1588.	73 46 173 91 121 37
C. Full of light.	84 100 166 119 52 109 65 96
D. Wearing a monk's garment.	78 206 164 89 194 182 101 62
E. Great irrigation dam and reservoir, SE Oregon.	51 3 7 199 39 204
F. Flank nearer the driver (2 wds.).	192 111 87 93 113 141 162 187
G. Northward.	55 86 64 95 49 154
H. Lineman in football (2 wds.).	186 161 193 38 157 202 56 178
I. Slang: neat and finicky.	131 180 34 142 124
J. Rear part of anything.	20 179 92 167 16 143 6 197
K. One willing to compromise.	75 132 48 102 25 169 120 24 108 160
L. Table silver, but not of the "flat" kind (2 wds.).	82 150 88 13 85 105 110 45 21 26
M. Popular play of present N.Y. season, whose leading lady recently won an Oscar for a motion picture.	71 138 10 98 134 185

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Founder of an ancient great city.	128 151 123 74 14 77 40
O. Either of the tropical Amer. plants, *Capraria biflora* or *Scoparia dulcis*.	79 153 19 83 44 11 205 133 116
P. Ambiguous, often with intent to deceive.	195 99 72 50 201 29 4 68 152
Q. Colloquial for more dashing.	63 36 200 156 148 127 12 189
R. A hold in wrestling (2 wds.).	184 144 181 54 69 117 175 31 146 177
S. Slang for immeasurably delightful (3 wds.).	165 9 97 2 172 43 129 76 106 32
T. Traitor who betrayed Leonidas at Thermopylae.	196 126 104 57 42 118 22 15 168
U. Seaport of Newfoundland, an old fishing station.	203 35 112 176 47 94 17 130 60
V. Great ravine in NE Utah, walls 1200 feet high; railroad passes through it (2 wds.).	41 103 158 8 147 30 61 70 53 170
W. Original name for Colon, in Panama; promoter of Panama RR., 1850-55.	5 125 149 191 58 183 115 66 174
X. Greek scholar called to Florence, 1479, by Lorenzo de' Medici.	135 1 27 140 67 107 18 139 190 59 114 80
Y. Great French book publishing house.	136 137 28 23 163 81 122 155

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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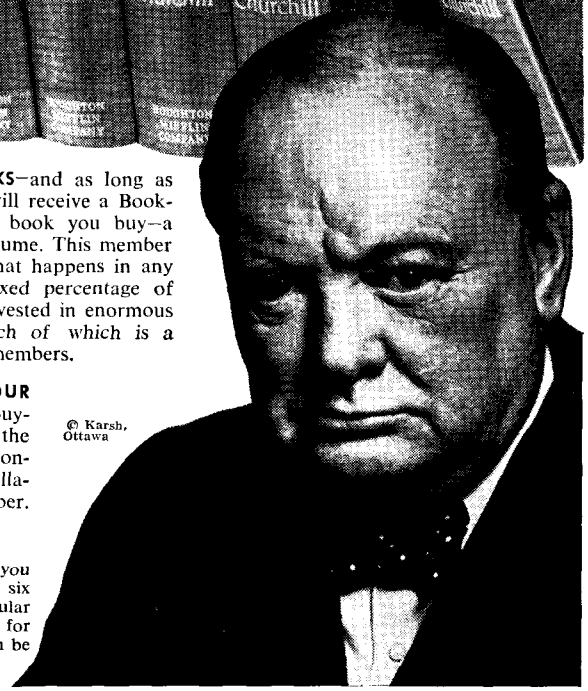

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